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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 250.—Vol. XIX. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, September 16, 1908 [Price 6d. By Post, 6½d.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

"HERE ARE THE TOP-NOTCHERS!": PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT CONGRATULATING THE AMERICAN OLYMPIC COMPETITORS AT OYSTER BAY

On their return to New York the American Olympic team of sixty athletes were first received with much pomp and circumstance by the Civic Authorities, and were afterwards invited to Oyster Bay to meet the President. Reports of the reception say, that "radiant in white ducks, and surrounded by his entire family, Mr. Roosevelt awaited their arrival, and on their appearance exclaimed, "Here are the top-notchers!" afterwards shaking hands with, and warmly congratulating, each competitor

No. 250.—Vol. XIX.

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RACING NOTIONS. By CARBINE. GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short satirical and witty sketches, not exceeding 1,000 words, will be considered, but no fiction unless it can be included in our "Worldly" Series, and readers are, therefore, begged to study these stories before submitting MSS. Articles (with photographs) of events on the Continent and in the Colonies are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions

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BRISTOL MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

OCTOBER 14, 15, 16, and 17, 1908.

"Elijah"; Passions Oratorio (Woyrsch); Choral Symphony (Beethoven); King Olaf (Elgar); Andromeda (Rootham); Lay of the Bell (Max Bruch); Watch ye, Motett (Bach); Ode to Wellington (Stanford); Die Walkure (Wagner), &c., &c.

Mesdames Nicholls, Allen, Squire, Wood, Hare, Taggart, Clara Butt, Lunn, Jones, Lett, Lonsdale, Yelland. Messrs. Davies, McCormack, Chandos, Hyde, Baker, Radford, Austin, Knowles, Rumford, Greene, Thomson. Miss Mildred Pritchard and Herr Fritz Kreisler. Conductor, Mr. George Riseley. Special Rail arrangements. Programmes, Secretary, Bristol.

PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED

"The Orphanmonger." By G. S. Paternoster. (Milne: 6s.)

"Further Experiences of an Irish R.M." By E. Œ. Somerville and M. Ross. (Longmans: 6s.)

"Sylvia in Society." By Mrs. G. Norman. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)

"Pan and the Little Green Gate." By Sylvia Brett. (Hodder and Stoughton: 5s.)

"The Stem of the Crimson Dahlia." By James Locke. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"The Story of American Painting." By Charles H. Coffin. (Hodder and Stoughton: 10s. 6d. net.)

"G. K. Chesterton: A Criticism." Anonymous. (Alston Rivers: 5s.)

"How to Attract and Protect Wild Birds." By Martin Huxmann. (Witherby: 1s. 6d. net.)

"Cruikshank." By W. H. Chesson. (Duckworth: 2s.)

"Isle of Wight." By A. H. Cooper and A. R. Hope Moncrief. (A. and C. Black: 7s. 6d. net.)

"The Horse in History." By Basil Tozer. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Hill Rise." By W. B. Maxwell. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Hate of Man." By Headon Hill. (Cassell: 6s.)

"Armont the Englishman." By Francis Aveling. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Tangled Skein." By Baroness Orczy. (Greening: 1s. net.)

"The Last Egyptian." Anonymous. (Sisley's.)

"The Story of Nell Gwynne: England Under Charles II." (Sisley's: 1s. net.)

"The Reason Why on Science." (Sisley's: 1s. net.)

"The Conscience of Dr. Holt." By Austin Clare. (Long: 6s.)

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"All Things Considered." By G. K. Chesterton. (Methuen: 5s.)

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"Cousin Cinderella." By Mrs. E. Cotes. (Methuen: 6s.)

"The Great Miss Driver." By Anthony Hope. (Methuen: 6s.)

"Psyche." By L. Couperus. (Alston Rivers: 3s. 6d.)

"Rogues Fall Out." By Florence Warden. (Ward, Lock: 6s.)

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RHB. 24/11/08 LKK

THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

Photo *Sport and General*

The Winning Owner—
Mr. J. B. Joel, the owner of Your Majesty, and his wife, in the paddock at Doncaster

Photo *Halftones, Ltd.*

—and the Winner of the St. Leger
Your Majesty (W. Griggs up) being led in by his trainer, Morton

LKK

Before Newmarket

The Royal visits to Tulchan and Balmoral will complete an absence of the King from the Metropolis of five weeks. When at Balmoral his Majesty will go to Dunblane to open the Queen Victoria Memorial School for Soldiers and Sailors. After laying a foundation-stone, he will motor to Cromlix and lunch with the Hay-Drummonds. Of course, the King will be present at Newmarket, after previously visiting London for a day or so. At Newmarket Sir Ernest Cassel is always favoured with the King's presence at Moulton Paddocks.

* * *

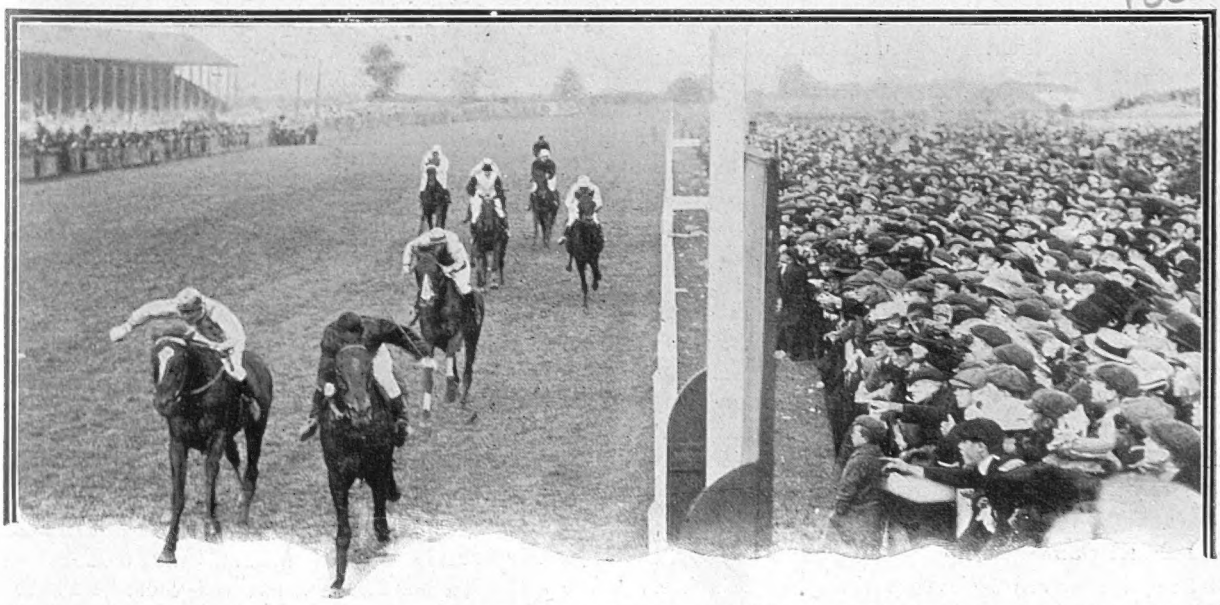
A Sporting King

The Doncaster meeting is a Royal *aperitif* between social *plats*, plain, ungarnished Marienbad, and hospitable Scotland. The last was the eighth visit to Rufford which has been paid by his Majesty. The King has this time shown a decided preference for motoring, his fastest car having taken him to Doncaster in lieu of the usual railway train. He still favours Marienbad hours, and everyone has to be up and about early to suit the Royal convenience. The ladies appear properly "turned out" at matutinal hours, which must mean more duty than pleasure to them; but, of course, his Majesty's wishes must be studied.

The St. Leger

It was a St. Leger of coats and mackintoshes, a day of watery uncertainty, a day with a gleam of sunshine to tempt you into the damp paddock from the comparative comfort of the stands, and then to drive you back helter-skelter in a smart shower. Obviously, not ideal conditions for the greatest race of the North. But the racing crowd, even its most fashionable element, ignores the fickle elements when there is a field of St. Leger horses to be inspected; so the wretchedly inadequate Doncaster paddock was well packed last week when Your Majesty and Signorinetta and the others were being walked round prior to the big struggle. Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Joel, attending a race meeting for the first time since Ascot, came down to take a last look at their brilliant horse, and to wish their jockey "good luck," and at once became the centre of a gaping crowd, who seemed to find more interest in them than in the horses. In the circumstances, it was quite a little ordeal for Mrs. Joel, and really one could not but admire the brave way in which she went through with it. The owner of the winner did not conform with the usual custom of leading his horse in, but some cheers were raised, which were pleasant to hear after the unseemly demonstration that attended Your Majesty's success at Sandown Park earlier in the season.

PCL



Photo] **A Fine Horse's Crowning Triumph: Your Majesty Winds Up a Brilliant Year by Winning the St. Leger** [*Graphic Photo Union*

Mr. J. B. Joel's remarkably successful racing season was crowned by Your Majesty's victory in the St. Leger, in which he beat the favourite, White Eagle, by half a length. Signorinetta, the heroine of the Derby and the Oaks, made but a poor seventh in the race

Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill

Society at Doncaster

In the social sense there were very few absentees from Doncaster. His Majesty came with Lord and Lady Savile and the Rufford Abbey party, and had a distinct interest in the victorious favourite, as he was the owner of the colt's sire, and the result of the race can scarcely have failed to remind the King of certain glorious Doncasters when Persimmon and Diamond Jubilee were the heroes of the hour. On the first day of the meeting his Majesty was naturally keenly disappointed when his filly failed by a short head to win the Champagne Stakes; but nobody could take a long run of ill-luck in racing more philosophically than the King of sportsmen does. The Duke and Duchess of Newcastle entertained a party at Clumber, which included Lord Coventry, as keen on racing as ever he was, and many well-known hunting people were there. The Duchess has been out soon after daybreak on several mornings this month with the Grove Foxhounds, whose popular Master, Earl Fitzwilliam, had a very large party for the races at Wentworth Woodhouse. Lord Scarborough at Sandbeck, Viscount Halifax at Hickleton, Lord Wenlock at Escrick, and Lord Faber at Belvedere were other prominent hosts of the week, and the usual parties came from Tranby Croft, Brantinghame, Osberton, Normanby Park, and dozens of other hospitable houses. Altogether, it was a Doncaster of average brilliance and success.

* * *

The Churchill Wedding

"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on," and Mrs. Winston Churchill had no reason to complain of her wedding-day weather. The sun shone on her gaily enough as she came along, and on the bridegroom as he drove up, accompanied by Lord Hugh Cecil, to St. Margaret's, all smiles and urbanity, in his motor, nodding to his friends and waving his hand continually in response to the cheers which greeted him on every side. As to the crowds at Westminster they were tremendous, and it was as much as the policemen could do to keep order. The historic church, decorated, entirely according to the wishes of the bride, with white flowers and branches, was so full that you couldn't have found room for the proverbial pin. Inside the chancel were palms, which formed a charming background with their greenery for stacks of candida and arum lilies, and big bunches of flowers were attached to the choir-stalls by silver rods.

* * *

The Bridal Gown

The bride arrived to the tune of the heartiest cheers and the click of countless cameras. Her dressmaker had done well; had certainly understood her style of beauty. The design of her white satin Venetian wedding garment was definite, and showed off the rather majestic lines of her figure, as Juliet would have it, to "dear perfection." Never had Miss Hozier appeared to greater advantage. Although the outline of her features is formal, there is something appealing in her expression, and the hearts of everybody went out to her and her husband as they came out of St. Margaret's man and wife, bound for Lady St. Helier's house in Portland Place, where all the wedding presents were on view, and where a huge crowd of friends gathered to wish them God speed before they left for Paddington and Oxford, *en route* for Woodstock and Blenheim Palace, the birthplace, by the way, of the bridegroom, and where the first days of the honeymoon were spent.

Photo *L. N. A.*

After the Wedding: Mr. and Mrs. Winston Churchill Leaving St. Margaret's Church in a motor-car for the Reception at Lady St. Helier's

* * *

Wedding Gifts

As to the wedding gifts, the number of them was unprecedented, and if there was a lack of imagination in the givers, Mr. Churchill and his bride did not perceive it, and scouted the idea when someone suggested that the many silver inkstands should be melted down to make one big silver tray! Both bride and bridegroom are "bookish." They were certainly the recipients of a small library on the occasion, and Mr. Barrie showed his wisdom by presenting them, not as another author would have done, with his own books, but with those of Mr. George Meredith. On the evening before the wedding, Miss Hozier entertained a party of girl friends to tea. Mr. Churchill invited to dinner, at Bolton Street, his colleague, Mr. Lloyd-George, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, and the Bishop of St. Asaph. There was a little surprise, of course, at the somewhat sparse attendance of Ministers, ex-Ministers, and Parliamentarians generally. Brilliant as the wedding was, it can hardly be looked back upon as a gathering of notabilities. But, no doubt, Mr. Churchill's admiring colleagues would have found it a little trying to interrupt their holidays, even for his sake. Lady Blanche Hozier was, I need hardly say, positively overwhelmed with requests from entire outsiders for invitations to the wedding!

* * *

Mr. Lloyd-George: An Apology

In a recent issue, we inadvertently published a paragraph reflecting upon Mr. Lloyd-George. The statements made were entirely without foundation, and we most sincerely regret having made them. To mark our sense of the pain and annoyance which we have caused, we have made a donation of £315 to the Carnarvon Infirmary at Mr. Lloyd-George's request, and in his name.

A Smiling Bridegroom

MR. CHURCHILL PREPARING TO FACE LAST SATURDAY'S BRILLIANT ORDEAL

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

THE BRIDEGROOM ENTERING ST. MARGARET'S WESTMINSTER WITH HIS BEST MAN, LORD HUGH CECIL

Few recent weddings have evoked so much interest as that which took place on Saturday last at St. Margaret's, Westminster, between Mr. Winston Churchill, the President of the Board of Trade, and Miss Clementine Hozier. The church was packed with well-known people, and an enthusiastic crowd outside blocked the traffic in Parliament Square. A reception was subsequently held at Lady St. Helier's House, in Portland Place, whence the happy couple departed to spend the first part of their honeymoon at Blenheim

Our Latest (and Largest) Warship

"Dreadnoughts" Afloat

On Thursday last the *St. Vincent*, fifth of the British *Dreadnought* battleships, took the water at Portsmouth, and on the same day the *Minaes Geraes*, the first of the three great warships building to the order of Brazil, was launched at Elswick. Although mounting the same number of guns, the British ship will be considerably more powerful than her famous prototype, since her twelve-inch weapons will be 5ft. longer, and this gives penetration of an extra 3in. of armour. She will also have a considerably more formidable anti-torpedo armament. The *Minaes Geraes* has been constituted a "mystery ship" by the quidnuncs who refuse to believe that Brazil can have any use for *Dreadnoughts*. She is heavier than the *St. Vincent* by 1,750 tons. A couple of months ago the Yankees were wild with the idea that these Brazilian ships were going to Japan. Events may possibly justify their alarm in the long run, though there is certainly no "deal" at present A Brazilian naval commission has been in charge of the construction, to whose vigilance Sir Arthur Noble paid a high tribute in his speech at the launch.

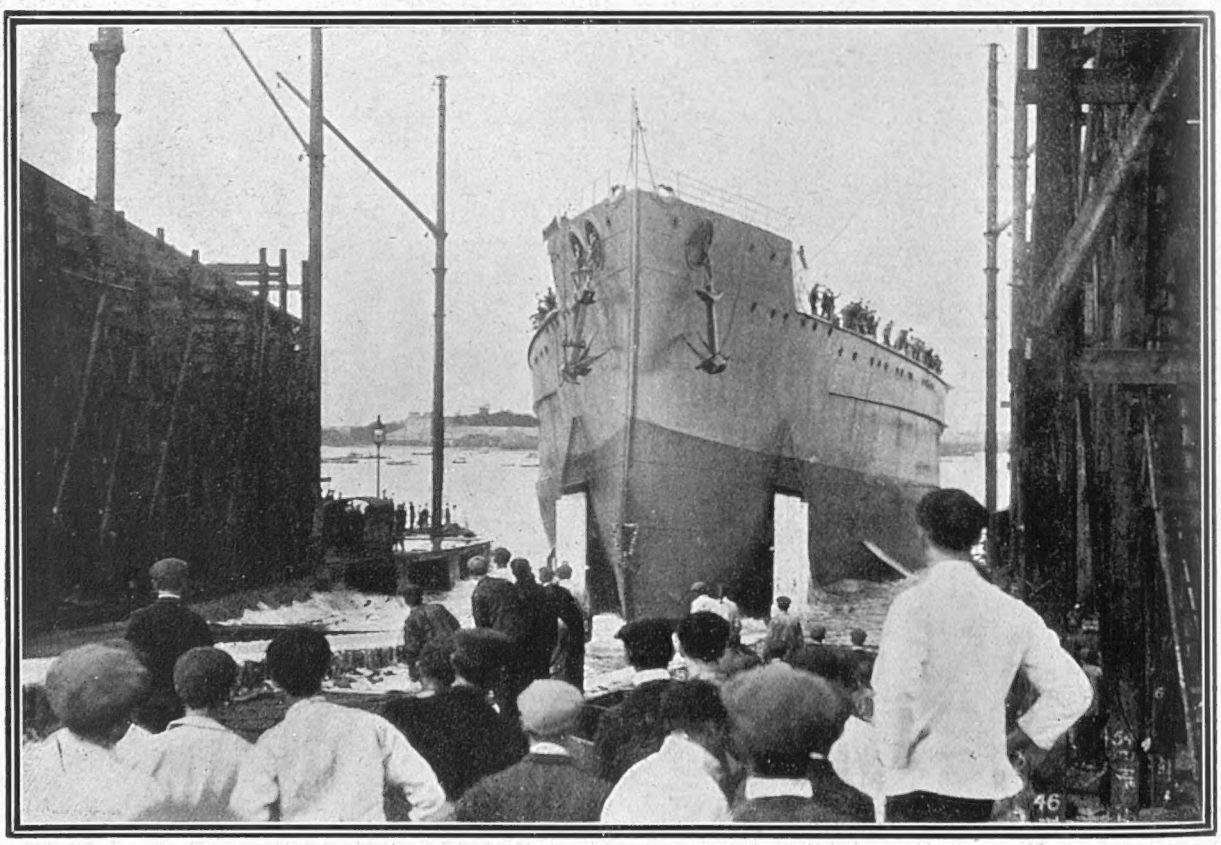
* * *

Countess Beauchamp Smiles

After christening H.M.S. *St. Vincent* last week at the launch at Portsmouth

Geese or Swans?

During the past week Orville Wright has accomplished—in America—the feat of maintaining himself aloft in a "heavier-than-air" machine for a whole hour, while Delagrange, in France, has achieved a flight which was unkindly likened—by a rival, it is true—to the scuttle of a hen chased by a terrier. Having thus broken the back of the problem of flight, it only remains for a few of these enthusiasts to break their own necks, and then the flying machine will have come to stay as surely as the motor-car, and will be stocked at Harrod's. Nay, we shall whistle four times for a "fly." Many more experiments, however, will be necessary before it can be finally determined whether these soaring monsters are geese or swans, or, indeed, whether they have not been hatched out of a mare's nest—a quite appropriate place of origin.



Photos] **Our Greatest and Latest: The Launch of H.M.S. "St. Vincent" at Portsmouth** *[Illustrations Bureau*

Every new battleship recently launched for the British Navy has been "the biggest," and the *St. Vincent*, which took water last week at Portsmouth after the christening by Countess Beauchamp, was no exception as far so our ships are concerned. She is the biggest and most powerful ship in the British Navy, and also, with the exception of the new Brazilian *Minaes Geraes*, in the world. Her displacement is 1,350 tons more than the *Dreadnought*. She is, of course, a more powerful *Dreadnought*, the class of ship which is revolutionising the navies of the world

Brazil's Bid for Sea Power

THE LAUNCH OF THE "MINAES GARAES" AT ELSWICK

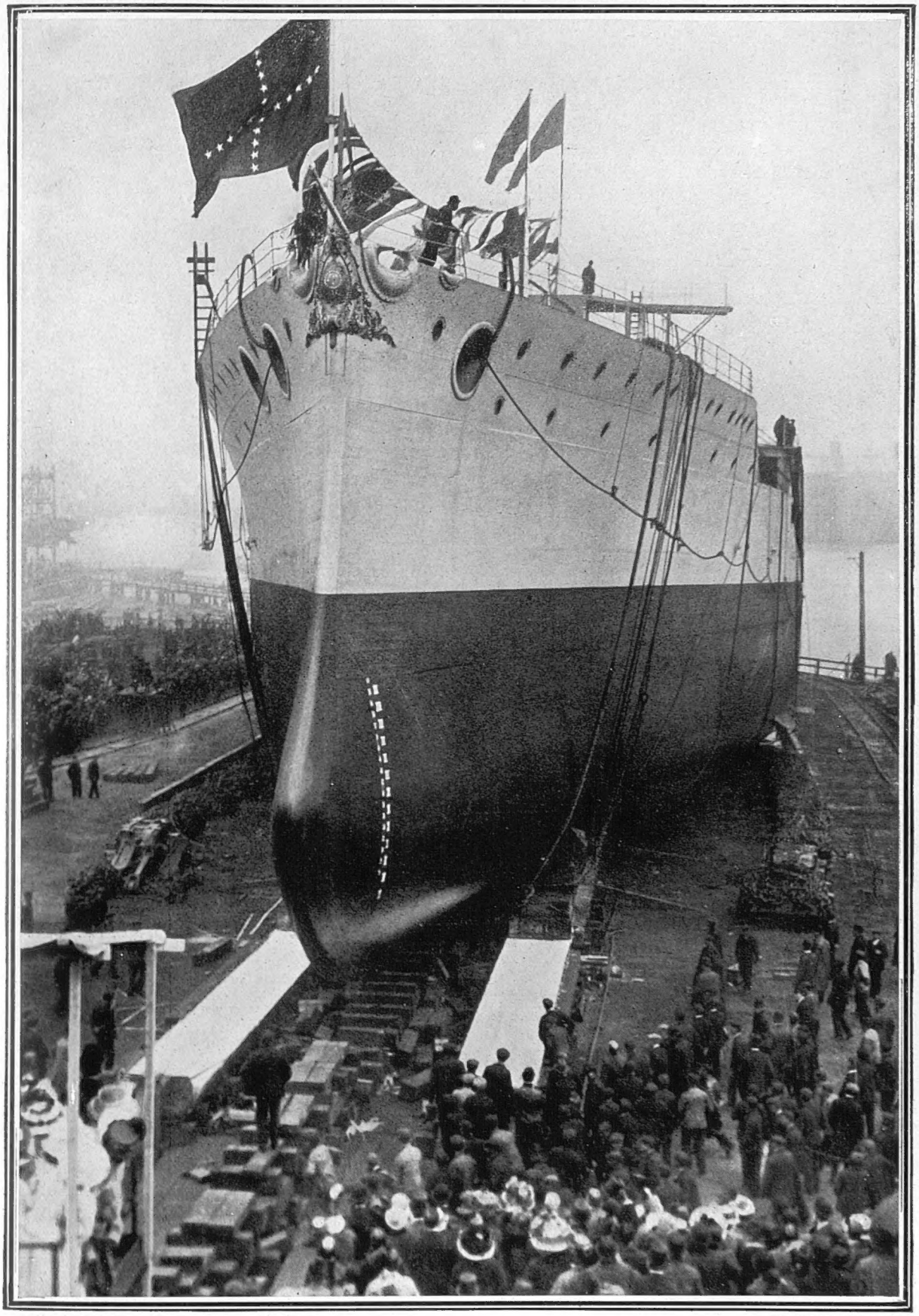


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

The naval rivalry between Brazil and Argentina—in which the example of greater Powers may not wholly be unperceived—is responsible for huge expenditure by these lively South American Republics. The latest result is the "Dreadnought" battleship, "Minaes Garaes," built for Brazil, with two others, at Elswick, and launched last week on the same day as H.M.S. "St. Vincent." These vessels represent Brazil's bid for sea-power, but in the not improbable event of an agreement between the two Republics, the interesting question of ultimate ownership of these splendid vessels will no doubt arise. They would make a very pretty addition to the British Navy

The Elevation of the Host

The Catholic Procession

Mr. Asquith's firmness in advising at the last moment the modification of Sunday's much-discussed Catholic procession is in keeping with that statesman's character, and has, at all events, made the Government's attitude clear enough. "No Popery?" I can imagine him asking himself, in the seclusion of Slains, and then, promptly deciding, "Well, hardly any!" Provided the public elevation of the Host was dispensed with, the procession might go on; and so on it went. Ultra-Protestants are, of course, jubilant at what they consider the squelching of their insidious foe; Catholics, on the other hand, are furious at any interference at all with their rites. And with this feeling I expect the bulk of average men and women will be in agreement. There are thousands—hundreds of thousands—of people, who, while anything but Catholic, are *plus Papiste que le Pape* in their desire to treat that Faith with the utmost tolerance. It is felt that the legatees of St. Peter should, at least, be allowed the same freedom as the followers of—say—General Booth. This is a country where we boast of the license allowed to everybody to make a noise, provided they do it on the grounds of faith. But call yourself a Roman Catholic, and you may not even make a noise quietly.

* * *

The Religious Pageant

The present year is probably unique for the number of large gatherings of religious communities that have taken place in it—the great Pan-Anglican Congress, the recent meetings of the Congregational, the Wesleyan, and the Baptist Churches, followed by the Eucharistic Congress, with its magnificent services, in the new and imposing Cathedral—an edifice strange to English eyes, but which embodies the earliest form of Christian architecture. We are in the midst of a revival of pageants, and there is little more picturesque than an ecclesiastical gathering of this kind. What master hand is there to excel that of Rome, as shown by many of the scenes at the pageants held at Sherborne, St. Albans, Bury St. Edmunds, and elsewhere? It seems, therefore, but the natural sequence that the series of pageants should be completed by the arrival of a Papal Legate, for from the standpoint of pageantry, few more picturesque personages can be conceived. This year has witnessed the arrival of this historical personage after a lapse of over 350 years. Cardinal Vincent Vannutelli, Bishop of Palestrina, is a man of commanding presence, standing considerably over 6ft., and upon whom the mark of time is hardly visible, although he was born as long ago as December 5, 1836. He stood very high in favour with the late Pope, Leo XIII., who created him a Cardinal in 1890. He has been Papal Nuncio at Lisbon, and fufilled many diplomatic posts of the Papal Court with great distinction. He is a Roman of the Romans, having been born of an aristocratic family of the old Roman States. A friendly smile is seldom absent from his face, and his manner of dealing with those who consult him at once inspires confidence.

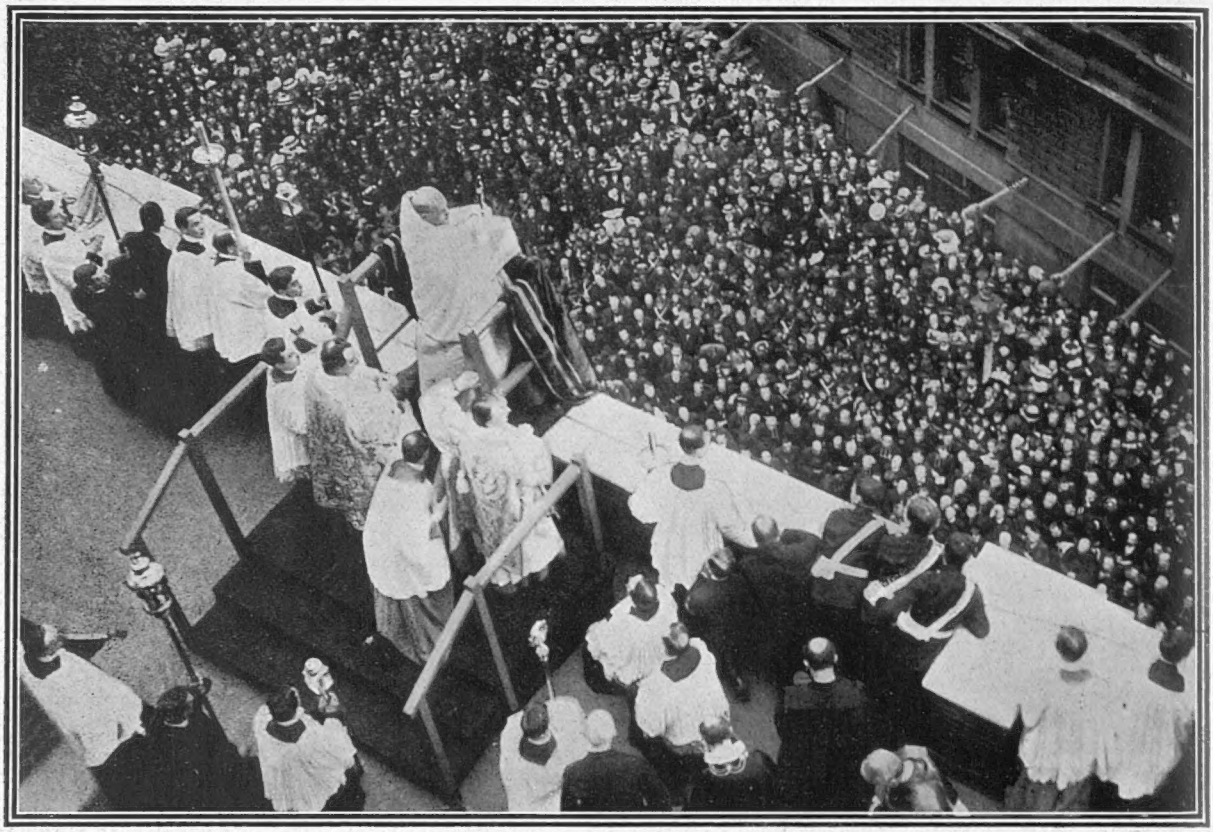


Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

The Closing Scene of the Eucharistic Congress: The Papal Legate pronouncing the final Benediction

Mr. Asquith's action in discountenancing the proposed carrying of the Host in the great procession marking the culmination of the Eucharistic Congress robbed the ceremony of most of its impressiveness, but the procession, in the form it was finally carried out, was of an imposing character, and was, fortunately, not marked by any untoward incidents. At its conclusion the Papal Legate appeared on the vast balcony above the door of the Cathedral, where a temporary altar had been erected, and, in the sight of the huge crowds of devout worshippers in Ashley Place, elevated the Monstrance containing the Blessed Sacrament, afterwards pronouncing the Benediction

High Mass at Westminster Cathedral

THE SOLEMN INAUGURATION OF THE EUCHARISTIC CONGRESS

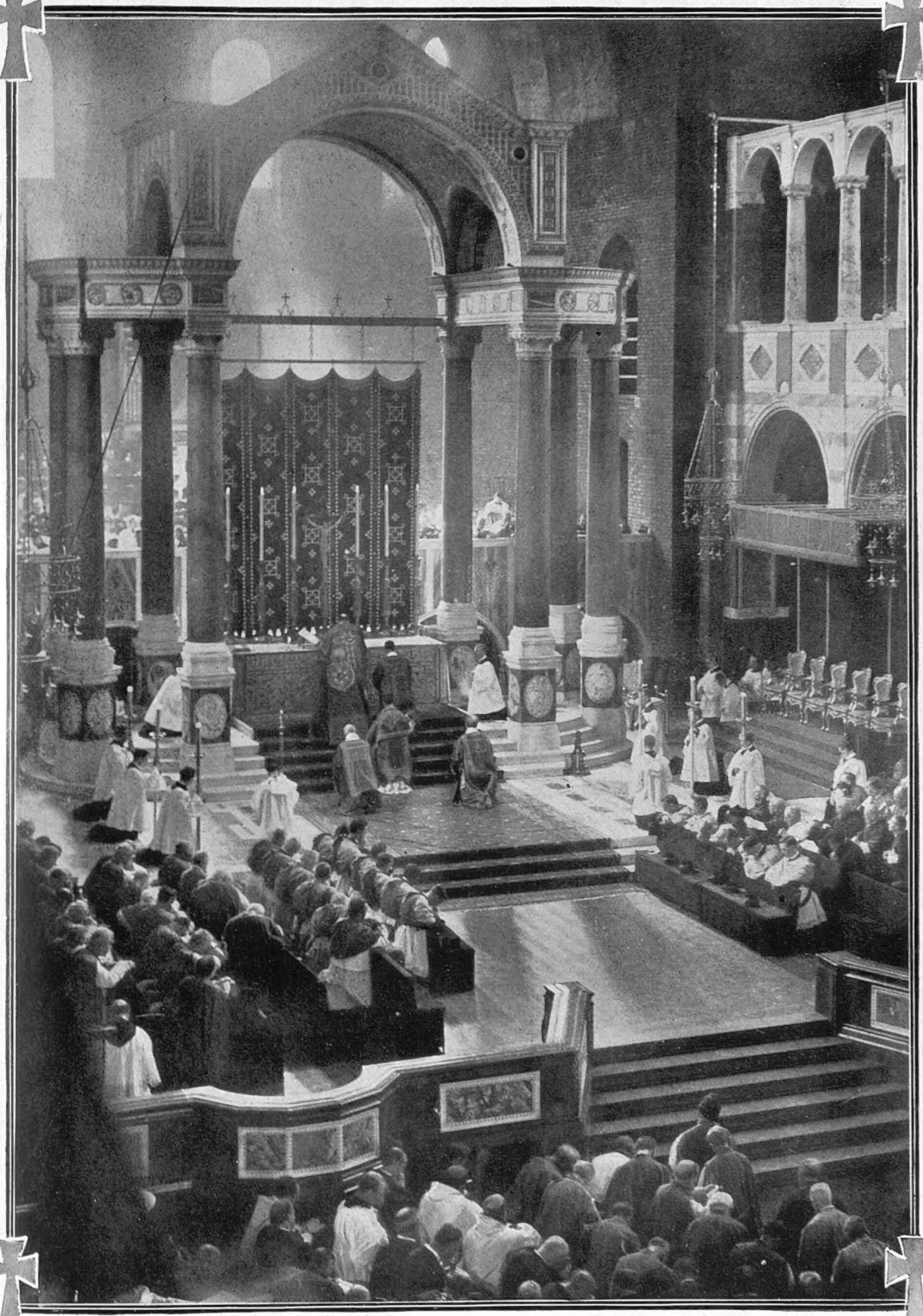


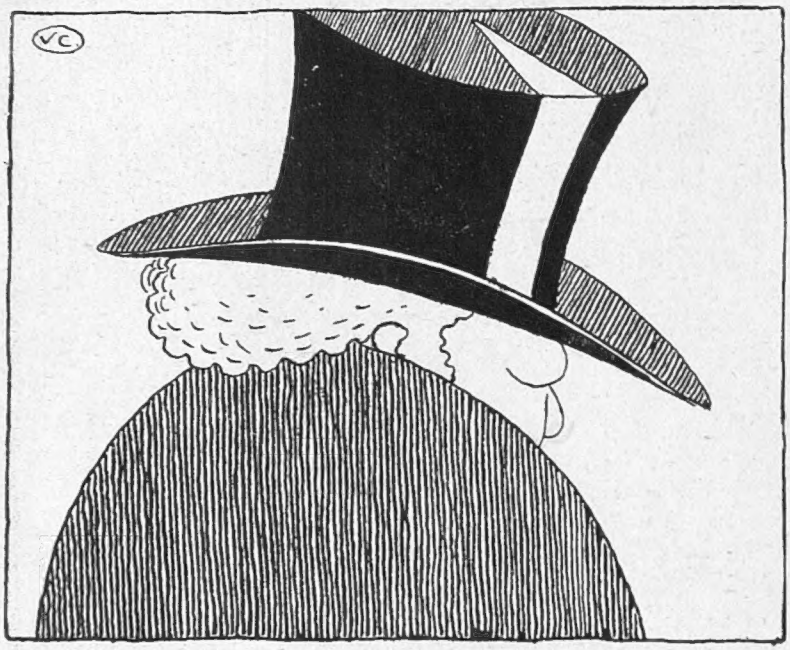
Photo *L. N. A.*

The Eucharistic Congress was opened last week by an imposing High Mass at the Westminster Cathedral, at which all the delegates were present. The vast silent assembly which filled the body of the great unfinished cathedral, and the multi-coloured vestments of the delegates and celebrants in the choir beneath the shadow of the magnificent baldachino, surmounted by its gigantic cross, made the sight a most impressive one. Besides the Papal Legate, there were present seven Cardinals, fourteen Archbishops, and Bishops representing almost every country in the world

Lord Halsbury, Ætat 83

A Highly Acceptable Chancellor

The *ci-devant* glories of Lord Chancellor in three Conservative Governments have not militated against a green old age, and Lord Halsbury, who holds this record, has just attained the age of eighty-three. He is still bright and alert, and but a short time since made a delightful acrostic, wherein he cleverly, and a little caustically, reviewed the ebullitions of illustrious persons who had given forth, wittily or otherwise, in his autograph book. Lord Halsbury's heir is Viscount Tiverton, who, although in the legal line, wrote a piece produced by Miss Kitty Loftus, and married the daughter of a well-known dressmaker of London. An heir has been born, and the Earldom of Halsbury, unlike many legal peerages, may, therefore, probably be perpetuated.



Lord Halsbury in Caricature

By Valery Carrick, the Russian cartoonist, who has made a gallery of caricatures of well-known English politicians, and has recently been making sketches of public men in London

The Sackville Peerage Suit

Cherchez la femme eternally. Once again the Peer and the Peri (this time a Spanish dancer) will form the staple entertainment for breakfast and tea-table, for although death has intervened, the world wags on and gossipers are no respecters of memories. Lord Sackville, it is said, married a fascinating dancer, whose "son" claims the Sackville succession. Lord Sackville, now defunct, repudiated this, and another claimant to the title is on hand. Result: Legal disputes and large fees for the lawyers. Truly Cupid is blind!

* * *

Fashion and the Stage

The theatrical pendulum is once more in full swing, *première* upon *première* rapidly succeeding one another. Footlight favourites, who have been holiday-making, have returned to gather fresh laurels—or not, as the case may be. The successes are obtaining a fresh lease of life, and the principals are taking up the lead once more, and, above all, have brought with them fresh creations in obedience to Madame la Mode's caprices.

* * *

An Actress's Hats

Smart "Mrs. Dot"—otherwise Miss Marie Tempest—is again to the fore at the Comedy; and, oh joy! has brought from Paris a marvellous consignment of millinery. There are hats, large, yes, *very* large, be-plumed, be-ribboned, be-flowered, high-crowned and flat-crowned (the flat hat is *the* latest). How the resourcefulness of the packer has been taxed! Large boxes, each to contain about five hats, were specially constructed in Paris, and, as there are twenty-two, it was quite a big consignment for one actress alone.

* * *

The Hat Room

Miss Tempest, in acquiring all this magnificent millinery, remembered, however, that to keep your bird you must have your cage. She has, therefore, devoted an entire room in her house in London to her headgear. There they are, the light, the dark, the straight, the curved, each on its own stand, and a conscientious maid attends to their wants—just like a little family; and all this is for the delectation of Miss Marie Tempest's theatrical admirers.

* * *

Ducal Farming

The Duke of Westminster, young and intrepid, feels that to be a plain (though he is rather good-looking!) millionaire is wanting in individuality, for anyone can be a millionaire — given the millions. The Duke, therefore, has decided to create a little dominion beyond the seas, and is off to South Africa to visit his acquired estates in the Orange River Colony. When A.D.C. to Lord Roberts in war times the young Duke saw more fields to conquer, hence his appearance in the rôle of Colonial agriculturist.

* * *

St. Giles's Fair

The first of September is notable, at any rate in certain localities, for other things besides the beginning of partridge shooting. It is the day of St. Giles, and marked at Oxford by the great fair. Oxford boasted two great fairs in the year, that of St. Frideswide and that of St. Giles. The former is a thing of the past, but the latter still lingers, shorn, as are most fairs, of its old-time glory. No longer, for instance, is the Court of Pie Powder held, that tribunal where Cadi-justice was administered to dusty-footed (*pied poudre*) tramps. Being held in the Vacation, moreover, it misses the enlivenment which the presence of the undergraduate element would otherwise give it.

Oxford's Historic Fair

ST. GILES'S GIVEN OVER TO COCOA-NUT SHIES AND ROUNDABOUTS

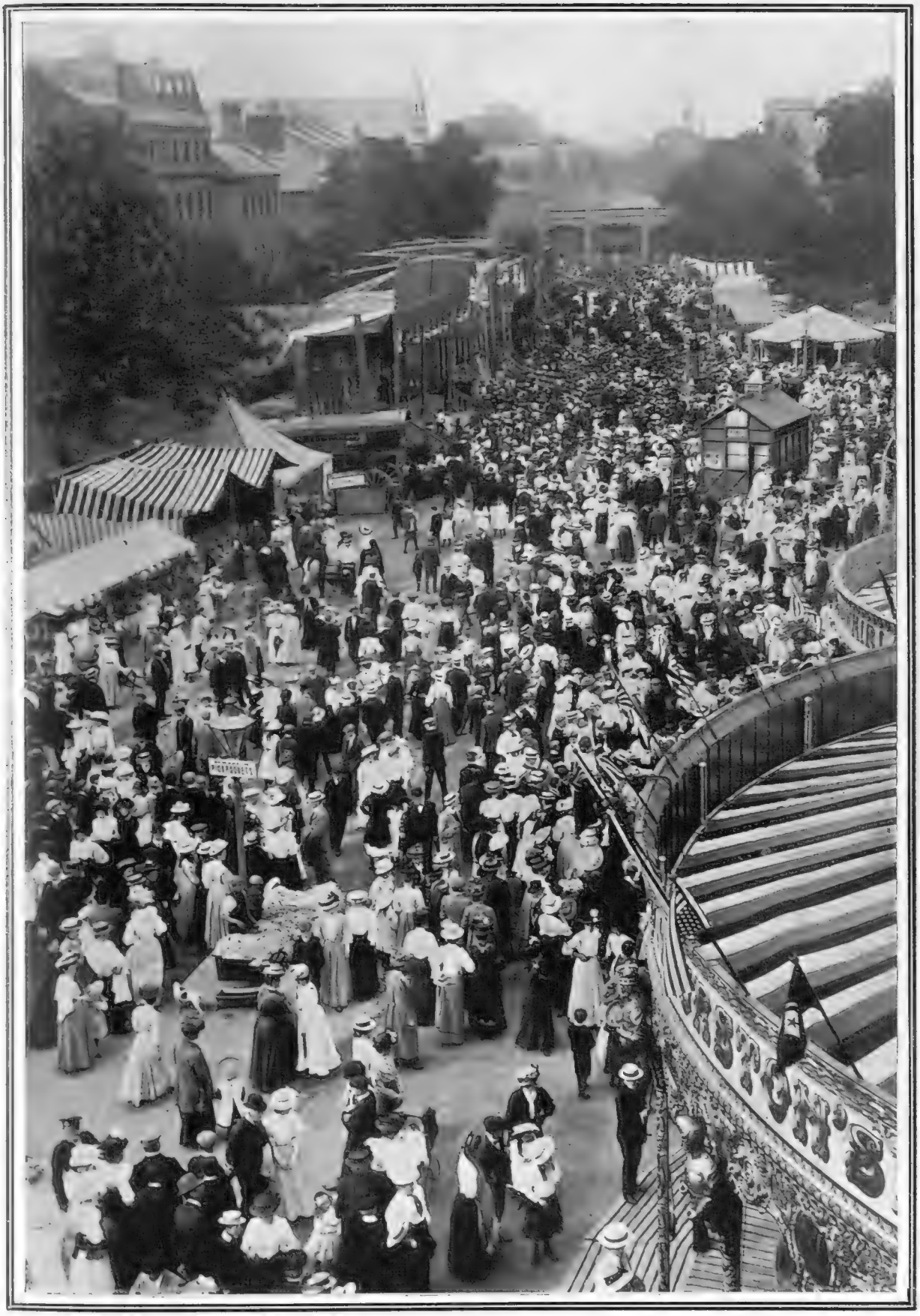


Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

A general view of the famous St. Giles's Fair, at Oxford, the foundation of which dates back to the twelfth century, which took place last week. It is, perhaps, as well that the function does not take place during term, as though the attendance of the few men who happen to be up during the "Vac" is strongly discountenanced by the authorities, they usually find the opportunity to attend, with, of course, the resultant exciting times

Engagements in the Peerage

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Lady Dorothy Osborne

Daughter of the Duke of Leeds (from a photograph taken at the Dartmouth Regatta the other day)

Photo *Thomson*

Lord Glamis

Of the Scots Guards, eldest son and heir of the Earl of Strathmore

AN ALLIANCE BETWEEN EQUALS

WHOSE ENGAGEMENT HAS JUST BEEN ANNOUNCED

Overheard

At luncheon the other day at a country house, a new butler was overheard nervously asking his master, the Duke: "Cold grace, your grouse?"

* * *

A Very Different Person!

Which reminds me of another story hailing from north of the Tweed. When Mr. Balfour made his first appearance on the links at St. Andrews, a namesake of his—Leslie, to wit—was amateur champion. On Arthur's appearance, one of the crowd said to the greenkeeper:—

"Is that *the* Balfour?"

"Naw," replied the man contemptuously, "it's juist Balfour the politician."

* * *

An Author of the Moment

Mr. Robert Hichens, whose new book "A Spirit in Prison," is now published (reviewed on page 607), is just now engaged in writing a novel of which the scene—and it will be found a lurid one—is laid in Egypt. He has chosen as his hiding place that wonderful old Cromwellian village, Broadway, where nothing, they say, is ever born and nothing ever quite dies. For his neighbours he has Mr. Sargent, Miss Mary Anderson (Mme. Navarro), and Miss Maude Valerie White, the musical composer. Mr. Hichens went a-motoring last winter with the Dowager-Duchess of Manchester. Nay, he has but lately returned from the Sunny South, and took Bayreuth and Nüremberg on his way home. As a man with music in his soul, he enjoyed Bayreuth hugely. The winter will see him in Syria.

Photo *Annie Bell*

Miss Ursula Mary Barclay

Eldest daughter of Mr. H. G. Barclay, of Colney Hall, Norwich, who is to be married to the Hon. Robert Collier, eldest son of Lord and Lady Monkswell, of Monkswell House, Chelsea

An Interesting Engagement

That Lord Glamis is to marry Lady Dorothy Osborne interests both Scottish and English society, for Lord Glamis is heir to the earldom of Strathmore and Kinghorne, and his pretty fiancée is the daughter of the very clever Duchess of Leeds. The affianced couple have been engaged only three weeks, and it is quite a love match.

* * *

He Never Smiles Again

Quite a grim interest attaches to Glamis Castle, as it boasts a thrilling legend. Each heir to the earldom has a secret imparted to him (so the story goes) which so disturbs him that "he never smiles again." Divers are the stories that are whispered of "freaks" in dungeons and "curses" that hover over the youthful heir. Mystery is very prevalent at Glamis Castle, and though imposing in style, it has been an uncanny place in the reign of former lords. Lady Dorothy gives promise of worthily filling her new social place, and inherits much of her mother's gifts. Her Grace of Leeds is very intellectual, and devoted to art and literature.

* * *

At Monte Carlo

The Duchess in the winter season often visits Monte Carlo, and does not resist the fascination of the vagaries of roulette. Quietly seated at the tables she takes her losses or gains with entire equanimity. These are but fleeting moments of relaxation, and she can claim literary honours with such works as "Cappricios" and a "A Lover of the Beautiful."

Stirring Drama from the States

THREE STRIKING SCENES FROM "PAID IN FULL" AT THE ALDWYCH

Emma (Miss Hilda Antony): "Don't touch me!"

Joseph Brooks (Mr. Robert Loraine) to his Wife: "That's just the way it's going to be"

A Striking Scene in the Second Act between Captain Williams (Mr. Louis Calvert) and Emma Brooks (Miss Hilda Antony)

CAPTAIN WILLIAMS: "Your husband sent you?"

American drama has a knack of not eliciting appreciation in this country, but it seems as if *Paid in Full* were to be the exception that proves the rule. Without any psychological subtleties, it is a wonderfully striking study of three natures—those of two men and a woman. Joseph Brooks, in the employ of Captain Williams, embezzles funds to keep up a sufficient style to suit his wife's, but more especially his own, tastes. Exposure is imminent, and in craven fear of discovery, he beseeches Emma, his wife, to plead with his employer for him. Though both realise from Williams's past life the probable consequences, she consents, and is successful in her mission, Captain Williams's base passions being overcome by the sense of her noble character. The price, however, is too great, for she sees her husband for the mean cur that he is, and, having paid the price of his freedom, takes the only course she sees open to her, and leaves him

Photos] [*Dover Street Studios*

THE PLAYHOUSES

By EGAN MEW

The New "Faust"

She stands by Tiber's reddened flood!
That door she guards is Love's last tomb,
Those gilded breasts are smeared with blood
Wrung from the ruined heart of Rome.

In these ringing words Mephistopheles tells Faust of the vision of Messalina. They may be said to exemplify the sonorous diction and fine lines, and also the occasional obscurity and loose rhyme, which characterise the new version of part of Goethe's dramatic poem by Messrs. Phillips and Carr. Perhaps one is entitled to give the credit of many beautiful passages of blank and rhymed verse to the poet of "Marpessa" rather than to the author of "King Arthur." But, in any case, the writers have come together in a happy mood, and the resultant *Faust* is full of beauty and high endeavour. Occasionally, on the first night, the excitement of the *mise-en-scène* obscured certain passages, and the ambition to be effective o'erleapt itself. But, as a whole, Mr. Tree's latest spectacular and poetic production is worthy of the traditions of his theatre.

Photo *Burfora*

Mr. Tree as Mephistopheles in "Faust" at His Majesty's

"Still to the same result I war with God; I will the evil, I achieve the good."

The Magic of Mephistopheles and Margaret

The story has been heard so often at Covent Garden that even those least interested in Marlowe or Goethe or the literature of *Faust* know its main points. Thus the element of surprise is lacking, and the vitalisation of the familiar legend becomes a by no means light undertaking. Apart from the excellent mechanism and scenery, and the accomplished stage tricks of the Brocken and Witches' Kitchen, things which I do not consider very important, this play owes its enthusiastic reception to Mr. Tree as Mephistopheles and to Miss Marie Löhr as Margaret.

The dark angel, with whom a "million mutinied" against Heaven, is, one supposes, a part especially likely to appeal to the imagination of the actor-manager of His Majesty's. The very vastness of the character and its potency must be attractive. But, however tremendous the task of representing Mephistopheles may be, Mr. Tree's success was greater still. From the time when he takes upon himself the gown of Dr. Faust, to the bewilderment of the student, until his last despairing line, he held his immense audience completely in thrall.

Momentary Memories

In the present version there are, naturally, so many passages and situations analogous to those in the *Faust* of the Lyceum that it is impossible to avoid a momentary comparison. The new Mephistopheles has not the incisive neatness nor the subtle, inevitable, spirit of the late Sir Henry Irving's conception. The new is more human, more wicked, more of this world and of the flesh. In certain passages he was coarse by comparison, but on the other hand there was a sense of largeness and freedom in the portrayal which one's memory finds occasionally lacking in the Lyceum impersonation. The humour, too, does not possess the old smack and gusto. There seemed, alas! a touch of vulgarity where once one welcomed wit. Thanks, however, are due to Mr. Tree for allowing us to see again so ably dramatised a *Faust*. Many more thanks, too, for the new heroine. Never was the "rare, pale" Margaret so divinely simple, pure, and true. Miss Löhr won all hearts at once, and, quite aside from her personal charm and freshness, acted the part with a certainty of touch and an acute sympathy and tenderness which prove her powers beyond doubt. She rises to the poignant drama of the death of Valentine with surety and ease. She is armed at all points for her undertaking with beauty, simplicity, a charming voice, and ready wit.

The Rest of the Cast

The rest of the long cast is excellent, but there is just a little disappointment in Miss Rosina Filippi's Martha. It is the first and only time since the early days of *The Red Lamp* that I have ever known her to be other than completely successful. To the part of Faust, Mr. Henry Ainley brings his splendid beauty and his fine voice, his effective stage presence, and his immense popularity. He is good and convincing as the old doctor; he is sincere in the prison scene. The rest of the time he does not appear to desire to be more than decorative; perhaps one should be content. Mr. Godfrey Tearle was admired as Valentine; Mr. Coleridge Taylor's music added greatly to the beauty of this successful production.

A Feast for "Wallerites"

"The Duke's Motto" at the Lyric

Could anything be more suitable than *The Duke's Motto* for so romantic and bravura an actor as Mr. Lewis Waller? "I am here," is the cry of Henri de Lagardère borrowed from his dead friend, the Duke de Nevers—upon a hundred different occasions when his boldness, his skill, his resource, his inspiration have enabled him once more to protect and encourage the beautiful widow of De Nevers and his still more beautiful daughter. When Fechter played the hero here in 1863 the town was taken with the dash and spirit of the melodrama and the ubiquity and *élan* of the hero. I fancy it is a little more difficult to-day than it was fifty years ago to thrill a vast audience with sword and cloak, with "Ha! we have the girl and the papers!" and "Ho! who calls!" and "Blanche, Blanche, I am here!"—in proud and tender tones. For years after the great success of *The Duke's Motto* the whole spirit of the thing was burlesqued and chaffed to death. But all that old laughter has long since followed the original piece into the crowded limbo of forgotten plays.

An Acceptable Modern Version

Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy, however, remoulds "The Motto" somewhat nearer to the heart's desire of our time. The whole piece goes with a flourish and immense applause from end to end. The fact is that the huge public who like Mr. Waller's method and personality will once more have an excellent cause for frequent visits to the Lyric. As Lagardère, Mr. Waller is always at high pressure, he never slackens or fails, his voice is always beautiful, his accentuation perfect, his manner sincere and brave to the ultimate degree. There are, I think, twenty-seven other characters in the cast. They are all somewhat important, and all well played. Miss Sybil Carlisle is distinguished as the Princesse Gabrielle, whose daughter Blanche is played with grace by Miss Valli Valli. Mr. Dyall's part, the very wicked Louis de Gonzague, who wants to kill off so many people, stands conspicuously forth, and Mr. Tom Heslewood plays the part of that curious and complex King, Louis XIII., with knowledge and delicacy.

Comedy at Wyndham's

It is not often that a management can follow a farce that has run over five hundred nights with one that may beat that record. But there really seems no reason why *The Early Worm* of Mr. Lonsdale should not have much the same good fortune as the farce which told of *When Knights Were Bold.* The intrigue is rather thin and light, but the dialogue is always gay, and, in the hands of the excellent company, the somewhat amorphous characters are vivified and made delightful.

George, Duke of Tadcaster, excellently played by Mr. A. E. Matthews—with a Hawtrey manner engrafted on his own engaging style—is about to be married to the bewitching Sybil Annesley with £50,000 a year—a lady who is made immensely attractive and charming by Miss Muriel Beaumont, here seen to greater advantage than in any previous part. But a little escapade of George, with Lord Steyne (Mr. Alfred Bishop) and two girls in pink, frightens Sybil. Then begin the many tricks and changes which form the amusing plot. George wants to recover Sybil, and she him, but Allan Marchmont ("The Worm" of Mr. Weedon Grossmith) is also determined to marry Sybil. After a dozen bright and lively traffics and discoveries, and a good deal of story-telling in the best farcical mode, George and Sybil kiss again, without tears. Humorous dialogue serves Mr. Lonsdale well throughout the farce. But he is even better served by the resourceful and convincing Mr. Grossmith, the incisive Miss Fanny Brough—in the not too attractive rôle of Lady Steyne—the pretty, clever, and natural acting of Miss Beaumont, and the care and skill of the other

Photo *Foulsham and Banfield*

A Love Scene in "The Duke's Motto" at the Lyric Theatre

The hero, Lagardère (Mr. Lewis Waller), and the heroine, Blanche de Nevers (Miss Valli Valli), in the scene in which she tells Lagardère of her love for him, and he of his devotion to her, but many trials and adventures must come to pass before they are happy

At Last, a Real Musical Comedy

members of the accomplished company. Among these, Mr. Baskcomb, as the boy on the yacht *Firefly*, is particularly amusing. For those who like a couple of hours' light laughter after dinner I can imagine no more pleasant play than *The Early Worm*.

EGAN MEW.

"The King of Cadonia" at the Prince of Wales's

"A successful musical comedy, with a coherent plot, tuneful music, real humour, and a spice of moral which enhances the flavour of the whole." That was all space permitted us to say regarding the new Prince of Wales's production last week, but I think it served sufficiently to indicate that the piece was worth seeing by any readers in doubt as to which theatre to visit in these busy times. *The King of Cadonia* might have for its sub-title, "A Little Lesson to the Tsar," for its most important theme—of course, apart from the love element—is the evolution of a bureaucracy-tyrannised King into a democratic monarch whose whole aim is his people's welfare. In the four days in which he escapes from his tyrannical guardians the King of Cadonia not only learns to understand the heart of his people, but also succeeds in winning the love of the Princess Marie of Alasia (Miss Isabel Jay), for whom, as King, he has been chosen as husband by his councillors, though the two have never met. During the King's disappearance, the Duke of Alasia, the heir-presumptive, is appointed Regent, and the rôle of the timorous monarch-elect affords Mr. Huntley Wright opportunities for some of the most delightful fooling I have witnessed, whether he be mollifying his austere wife—a part well played by Mme. Amy Martin—or instructing his body-guard in a catchy song, "Do Not Hesitate to Shoot." Miss Isabel Jay is, of course, entirely charming, and the wonder would have been had she not fallen in love with the disguised monarch, a very royal and handsome figure in the person of Mr. Bertram Wallis.

Mr. Sidney Jones's score is a

graceful and tuneful one, though probably none of his numbers will become the song of the town during the coming winter—with the possible exception of "There's a King in the Land To-day."

If the public shows continued appreciation of this piece, as I believe will be the case, I take my hat off to them, as it will be a sign that they can appreciate something distinctly in advance of the invertebrate variety of musical drama to which they have for too long been treated.

Old-Fashioned Farce at the Queen's

The Old Firm is not a great extravaganza, but, with Mr. Richard Golden as Daniel Hake, it serves to raise many a hearty laugh. The theme is, to all intents and purposes, a skit on its solemn neighbour, *Faust*, at His Majesty's, for old Daniel Hake, a dear, kind-hearted, but utterly unbusinesslike inventor, on the point of being sold up by ruthless creditors, momentarily expresses his willingness even to sell his soul to the Devil if thereby his fortunes may be retrieved, and his only daughter, Lila, escape want. It naturally happens that at the moment of uttering the wish a rich manufacturer enters, with a handsome offer for one of Hake's inventions, and the newcomer is taken for his Satanic Majesty himself. They strike a bargain, and a large sum being paid immediately into the bank, next morning all the debts can be met. The old gentleman, however, thinks the revival of his fortunes is due to the Prince of Darkness, to whom he believes himself to be in thrall. Herein is, of course, the material for misunderstandings, without which no extravaganza could exist, and out of it Mr. Golden makes much laughter-compelling capital. The piece, however, hangs fire whenever old Mr. Hake is off the stage, and herein lies its weakness. A word of praise must, nevertheless, be given to Miss Gladys Mason as Hake's daughter, and Miss Alice Bert, her shrew stepmother.

H. P.

Impressions of the Three Chief Characters in "The King of Cadonia" by Norman Morrow

A Very Long Way After Goethe

SKETCHED BY OUR IRREPRESSIBLE ARTIST, NORMAN MORROW

Random Jottings

It is stated that the British military authorities are still hoping to make an aeroplane that will fly. Decidedly that is the type of aeroplane to try for—from a military point of view. Those that run a little way on the ground and then explode suggest too much of a return to Boadicea's war-chariot to seem really promising.

* * *

President Roosevelt has demanded an increase of the States Army from 60,000 to 100,000 men, on the ground that, though in an emergency the Army can be increased to that number, the presence of two inexperienced men to three experienced soldiers would detract from its efficiency. There is a great deal in this theory, as unless the two amateurs were so inexperienced that they could be persuaded to stand in front of the three professionals they would tend to be a nuisance. And even if they could, their rifles might go off by mistake in the wrong direction.

* * *

Statistics concerning the new stage at Drury Lane, which is to be inaugurated with the production of *The Marriages of Mayfair*, have recently been appearing in the papers. Some of the dimensions are:

Length of "fly" galleries	250ft.
Length of limelight galleries	200ft.
Electric cables	18 cables.

All that now seems to be required is:

Length of leading lady	9ft. 7in.
Average waist of orchestra	10 yds.
1 real motor	5,000 h.-p.
Size of pocket-handkerchiefs required by audience	2 sq. yds.

Then the drama ought to pick up, hang it all, Censor or no Censor!

* * *

"England has become the greatest sweet-eating nation in the world." We are glad to have this testimony to our greatness spoken by the Secretary of the London Confectioners' Union. A little time ago we were really beginning to be afraid that Englishmen were decadent.

The newly formed French Aerial League offers a prize of £40 to the first Frenchman who flies twice as far as Mr. Wright has done. Not to be outdone, we offer half a crown to the first Czech who quadruples that distance.

* * *

A movement is on foot for a new Bank Holiday to break the long spell of toil between August and Christmas. We should suggest that a day in November be fixed. Holiday-making by torchlight in a good thick fog could hardly fail to enliven London's streets, and would keep down the weight of our policemen.

* * *

The *Daily Mail* declares that the London season, nowadays, lasts pretty well all the year round. If this is so, it seems not unlikely that the gaily dressed ladies whom one sees shopping about Bond Street and Piccadilly on the hotter days of August are, in reality, the Smart Set. We have often wondered if they could be.

* * *

Dog and Pony in Inverse Ratio!

A great Dane, four years old and 36in. high, and the smallest Shetland pony on record, six years old and 25½in. high

Wilhelm to Mulai

[*A hypothetical epistle, to account for the opinion — reported to have been expressed by Mulai Hafid — that "Germany is Morocco's only friend."*]

Mulai, your triumph looms
at no great distance:
France backed the wrong
one — everybody
knows it—
Aziz will lose, in spite of her Aziztance—
Therefore I send you my Imperial Prosit.

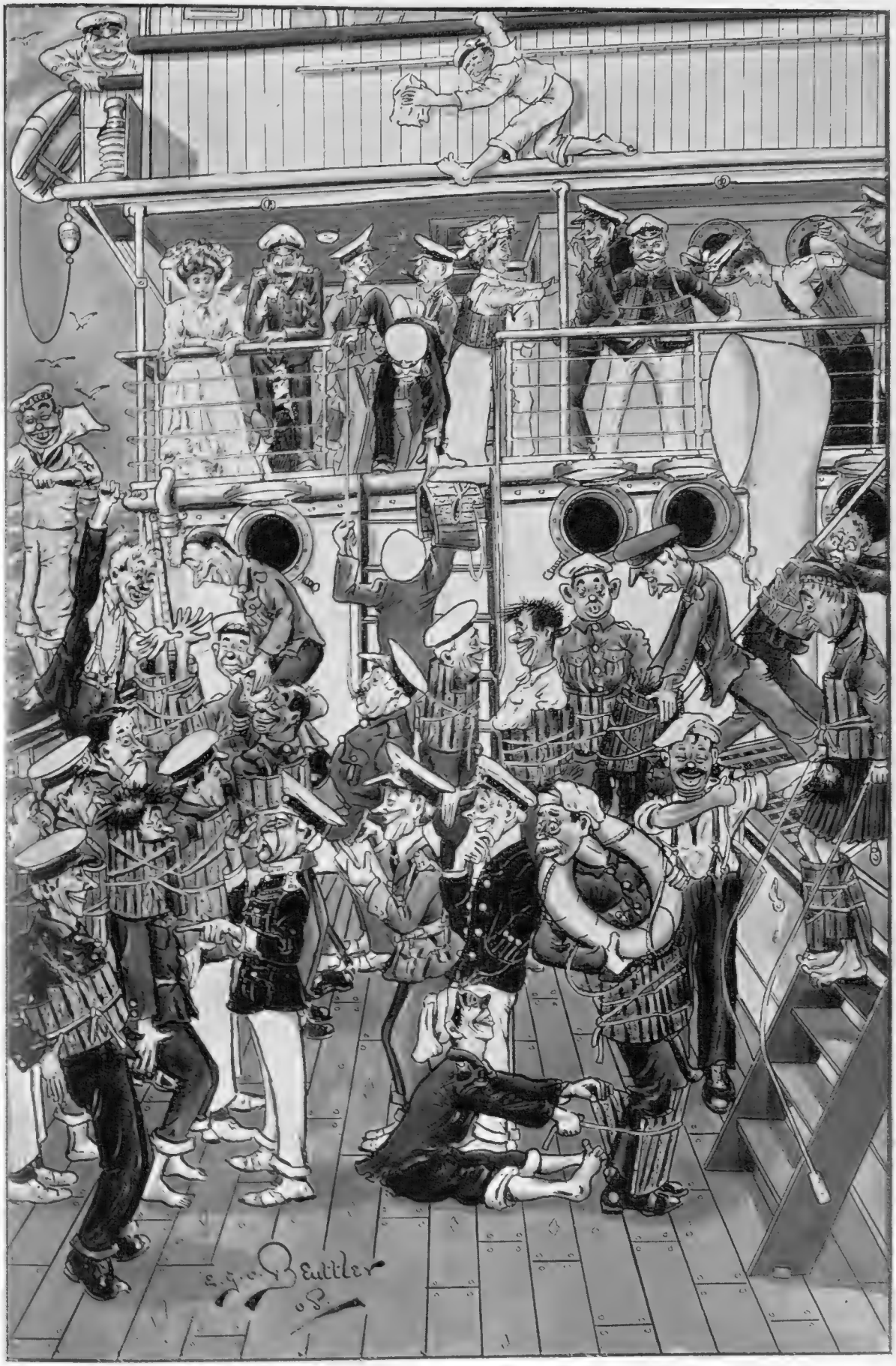
And first—Be firm! The more each Moor in awe bears
Your name, the less your little slips will strike 'em;
Have you some Ever Memorable Forbears?
Trink to their shades, and hint you're very like 'em.

Insist that Peace is your most cherished Notion;
Explain that that is why you need a Navy—
The Prince who holds the Mastery of the Ocean
His mind's at rest, his foes are in the gravy.

Autumn manœuvres should be served by motor;
Leap upon all *Lèse-Majesté* severely,
Try bastinado-ing the Labour Voter—
One spares the rod and spoils the country. Clearly!

Think before wiring (this is quite important);
Be sculptor, dramatist, general, art-adviser;
Do what you ought, and never what you oughtn't—
And you may yet be known as Afric's Kaiser.

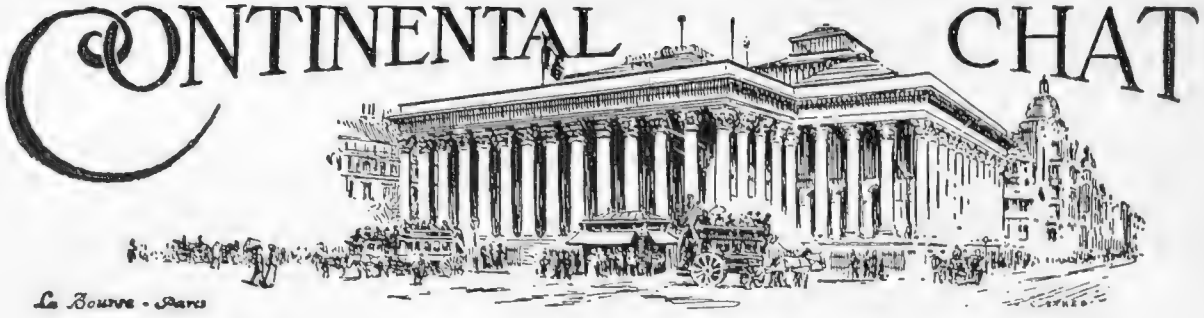
Tommy on the Ocean: IV.



FIRST LESSONS IN THE USE OF THE LIFE-BELT

The fourth drawing of a series in which E. G. O. Beuttler *depicts the amenities of troopship life*

CONTINENTAL CHAT



After Marienbad

(From Our Correspondent.)

Now the Marienbad cure is over, we have begun our *Nach Kur*, for we are ashamed to return to England looking so terribly "washed out." On leaving Marienbad we do not expect to be told we are looking well. On the contrary, we would not consider such a remark a compliment. When I want to get on the right side of my friend, I exclaim three or four times a day, and in the presence of strangers, "Say, Mrs. X., you *have* gotten down!" "Yes, I've gotten down 20lb. in three weeks," is her joyful reply; "but I've worked hard."

Yes, we have worked hard! And what good has it done? Even as I write I am feeling so wretchedly weak that I wish it had never entered the head of Britain's Sovereign to introduce us to Marienbad. Except for dieting and early rising, I verily believe King Edward does not take the cure at all. I don't believe he finished his glass of Kreuzbrunnen, or he would not look so well. I don't believe he had his baths regularly, and I certainly don't believe he took the trouble to weigh himself three times a day—without clothes— to see whether or no he had taken on one tiny particle of the adipose fiend.

* * *

August Too Late for the Cure

I have come to the conclusion that August is too late for Marienbad. September certainly is. Except for a few sunny days, the weather has been bitterly cold, and we had rain, rain, rain every day, and when it rains in Marienbad it comes down in sheets. The picnicking life of Marienbad is far from pleasant in such weather. You get tired of taking your meals in a mackintosh and rubbers and getting drenched to the skin before you have taken your breakfast. No, the great charm of Marienbad is its fresh air! But you even get tired of that if you have nothing else with it.

King Edward has gone back to London, thoroughly restored to health and strength. We others, who determined, in spite of nature, to cultivate the fashionable "broomstick-handle" style of figure, have gone to another Bad.

* * *

"Too Weak to Walk"

I cannot tell if, under ordinary circumstances, I shall appreciate Bad Nauheim, where I now am, so much, but I tell my friends three or four times a day, "I just love to be here." This is, indeed, a beautiful spot; but some of us find it rather too quiet. We are too weak to walk, we are almost too weak to talk, and no one smiles!

Everybody looks ill. If perchance anyone walks, he crawls along as though he were afraid of dropping dead of heart disease. I greatly appreciate the extra carbonic acid gas in the waters. The "Bad Haus" is much finer, and life here is entirely different from that at Marienbad. There are no tiresome hills to climb before breakfast! You can even indulge in breakfast in bed! The season, however, is almost over. Most of the smart people have returned to Town. But it is only a twelve-mile drive to Homburg, and at Homburg there is always plenty of gaiety! I feel sorry King Edward ever left this charming place, and sincerely hope he will carry out his threat not to return to Marienbad next year.

Archduke Franz Ferdinand Archduke Karl

The Austrian Heir-Presumptive Visits the Prague Exhibition

Archduke Franz Ferdinand and his nephew, Archduke Karl, next heir-presumptive, recently paid a visit to the Bohemian Exhibition at Prague. Archduke Karl, who has only recently attained his majority, is immensely popular with all classes, and when he takes his walks abroad unattended, he is frequently followed by an interested crowd of spectators

* * *

The Austrian Heir-Presumptive at Prague

Prague is full of visitors just now. An exhibition is being held there, which, though it is confined to the immediate district of the Bohemian capital, is on a larger scale than most such functions. More interesting than this picturesque city and its exhibition, however, are the Bohemians, with their intensely "Bohemian" manners and happy-go-lucky discontent. No good Bohemian ever admits that anything is right in Bohemia, but there is no antipathy to the dynasty; on the contrary, the young Archduke Karl, who represents the Emperor, and lives in the

The Débâcle of Abdul Aziz

Abdul Aziz, the ex-Sultan (under the umbrella), as he Started from Rabat on his Ill-fated March towards Marrakesh

Photos *Frederick Moore*

In the Citadel at Tangier, Abdul Aziz's Last Faithful Garrison, which has Now Declared for Mulai Hafid

The above photograph was taken inside the Kasbah, or citadel, at the Selamlik, on Friday, when the Governor goes to public prayer in the Mosque. After Abdul Aziz's defeat at Marrakesh, when, despite great personal gallantry, practically all his followers fled, the garrison for a time still remained faithful to him, but, under the pressure of unfriendly neighbouring tribes, and the shortly expected arrival of Hafidist troops, the authorities decided to acknowledge Mulai Hafid, the announcement being received with great expressions of joy by the townsfolk

The Kaiser's New Ballet

vast old Hofburg, is a popular figure among the Emperor's Bohemian subjects. He is a tall, rather handsome young fellow, barely over twenty-one years of age, with a strong, determined face. He is wilful, but intelligent, and he certainly looks soldierly. If ever he should become Emperor, and he is the next heir to the Archduke Franz Ferdinand, he seems the sort of man who might be able to save the Austrian Empire from breaking up, as everyone here believes it will do after the Emperor's death. He follows King Edward's example of taking his walks in frequented spots, and the public here, like the Marienbad crowd, escorts him as if he were an escaped felon in handcuffs between two gendarmes instead of a Royal Prince walking with his aides-de-camp. When I was in the Wenzelsplatz, on a recent visit to Prague, I was attracted by a considerable crowd that moved slowly, stopping from shop to shop, and found it was merely watching the Archduke, who was inspecting the various shop-windows. I was surprised to see that anybody other than King Edward could attract such ill-behaved attention, and that anybody except him dared to expose himself to danger.

* * *

Curious Rumours

A curious and popular conviction here is that Prince Rudolf's death was a political or dynastic trick, and that he is still living. The whole affair was got up to enable him to live his own life, and abandon his Royal rights. Many people here believe he is living in Paris at the present moment. Another conviction is that the Archduke Johann is not drowned, as was alleged, but is living in London. A gentleman here tells me he met him in the Isle of Wight passing under the name of Johann Orth. This may or may not be true. Bohemians are not lacking in imagination.

* * *

Herr Woelfling at Home

Leopold Woelfling, one of the several Austrian Grand Dukes who have abandoned their Royal rights, is passing the season with his new wife at a very modest villa—Villa de Bonville, not far from Trouville. The villa has been described to me as a fisherman's dwelling, and there the "Royal couple" live the simple life. Mme. Woelfling, with the occasional assistance of an aged Norman peasant woman and of her husband to run the messages, does her own housework, and in all the district a better-kept cottage is not to be found. Mme. Woelfling excels as a cook, which the Archduke appreciates the more after the lowering vegetarian diet which was inflicted on him by his ex-wife, Mme. Adamovitch.

Herr Woelfling expresses his opinion on the lives led by Royalties pretty freely. An Austrian Royal Duke, according to him, is "a useless creature, kept by the State to do nothing except don a uniform at military parades. They are forbidden to think or act, and even on parade are mere stage figures, and of interest to no one."

Photo *Bolak*

One of the Final Scenes in the Kaiser's Gorgeous but Rather Tedious Assyrian Ballet, "Sardanapalus," Recently Produced in Berlin

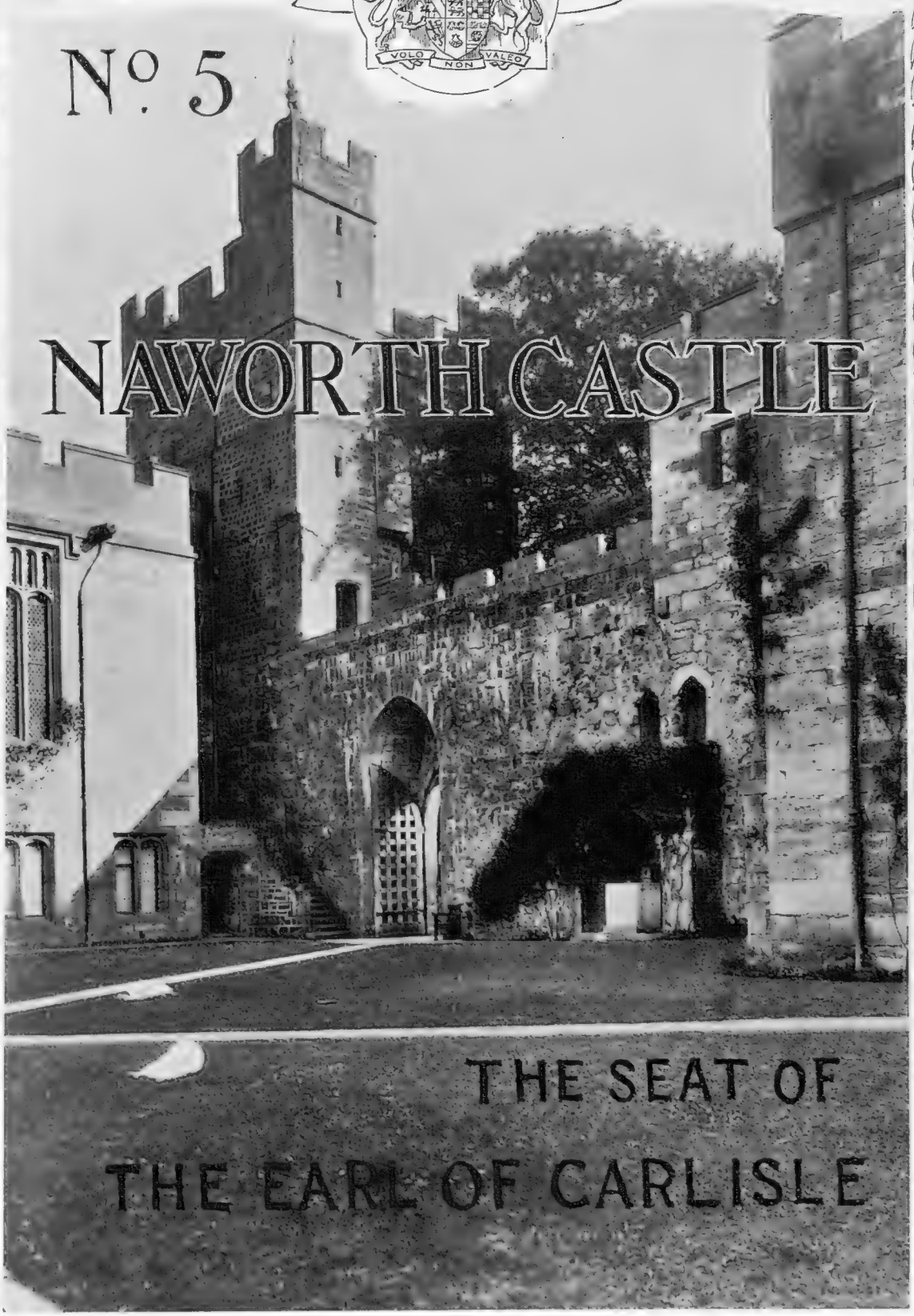
The German Press has, on the whole, been polite with regard to the Kaiser's Assyrian ballet, gorgeously produced at the Royal Opera House, Berlin, recently, but they found it hard to wax enthusiastic, for everyone who witnessed it found it boring to a degree as a ballet, though it was a highly instructive "magic-lantern lecture" on ancient Assyria. If it lacked the charm and *abandon* needed in a successful ballet, no one denies the scholarship displayed with regard to the correct staging of the production, and inasmuch as it gives four brilliant pictures of Assyrian civilisation, his Imperial Majesty, aided by eminent students, has been extremely successful

HISTORIC HOMES

No. 5

NAWORTH CASTLE

THE SEAT OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE



A CORNER OF THE COURTYARD OF NAWORTH CASTLE

The South and West sides of the Court, showing the Gateway in the great wall, known as the Dacre Curtain, and the famous Dacre Tower and look-out Turret. On the left is a window of what is now the library, and was once a chapel

No. 5 of the Series (Photographs taken for The Bystander *by Leonard Willoughby)*

NAWORTH CASTLE, A Border Fastness

The ironic laws of life are generally considered to work with extreme bitterness in regard to the heritage of beautiful castles and examples of the fine arts. Those who like plain cotton-wear are born to the purple, and those whose passion is for the arts of the past come into possession of the wilderness.

But in the case of the charming old castle of Naworth no more appreciative owner could be found than the present accomplished Earl of Carlisle, whose interest in many forms of art is widely known. The photographs do not show one important external charm—the mixture of red and white stone in the weather-worn walls and the delightful colouring which Time, that magician in æsthetics, has bestowed alike on the early work and the many restorations which have been necessary during the centuries. But these pictures display more clearly than words can paint the many other beauties of this border fastness.

The East Side of the Castle from the Wooded Ravine

The modern uses to which this warlike façade has been put are shown in the enlarged windows and the growth of pleasant creepers and trees

Among the pictures there are very many portraits here of the greatest interest and historical value. In Mr. Aaron Watson's account of the Castle he mentions a fine Charles I. by Vandyck, and the unconventional portrait of Cromwell. General Monk and Ben Jonson are among the celebrities who are not of the family. "The Adoration of the Magi" of Mabuse is here, and a contemporary portrait of Henry VIII., and many fine examples of the old masters of all the more important schools.

Early Days

The origin of Naworth Castle is deeply rooted in antiquity. It is supposed that when, in 1335, Ranulph de Dacre obtained a licence to crenulate this fastness, he worked upon portions which were of the tenth century. Under the famous Lord William Howard of James I. period what had so long been an ideal fortress, defying the whole of Scotland from its Border escarpment, became habitable, and a stronghold for the arts of peace as well as war.

Lord William is, of course, the anachronously used warrior of whom Sir Walter Scott wrote, in "The Lay of the Last Minstrel":

> His Bilboa blade, by Marchmen felt,
> Hung in a broad and studded belt;
> Hence in rude phrase the Borderers still
> Called noble Howard "Belted Will."

At the Restoration a descendant of this famous scholar, antiquary, and soldier was created Baron Dacre, Viscount Morpeth, and Earl of Carlisle. At that time, what had been the stately Jacobean home of Lord Will had fallen into neglect. The third Earl took the matter in hand, and Sir John Vanbrugh made some additions and improvements. The rooms which now possess the air of having been in use for centuries in their present state have, with the exception of Lord William's Tower, been arranged of recent years. In 1844 a desolating fire burned out the whole of the interior of Naworth.

The exceptions are the rooms once occupied by "Belted Will," which remain much as they were in his far-off day. The characteristically small bedroom, with the large four-poster, the vaulted retiring room, the library above, in which the original books of this famous ancestor of the Carlisles are preserved, all help one to recreate the period. The Grand Hall has been a good deal decorated during recent years, and is now hung with fine old tapestries and ancient arms. The Dolphin of the lords of Greystock, the Dacre Red Bull, and the Gryphon, and another great beast, probably an heraldic emblem of the De Multon, stand here and watch and ward the generations as they pass.

EGAN MEW.

Royal Bridal Gifts and Splendid Paintings

The Great Hall

The east side of the Great Hall, showing the splendid early French tapestries, the wedding gift from Henry IV. to his Queen, Marie de Medici. The portraits above are largely of historical personages, painted by the most famous of the old masters. The Jacobean chairs are worked with the heraldic devices of the various branches which join in the tree of the house of Carlisle

The Music Room

In this charming and home-like room is seen Mabuse's widely known picture of the "Adoration of the Magi," shown at a winter exhibition at Burlington House some years ago. A portrait of Philip II. of Spain is seen in the foreground; of the furniture, the most interesting examples are the two fine Oriental lacquer cabinets on Jacobean stands, which probably date back to Charles II.'s time

Naworth from W

A FORTRESS FOUNDED IN THE TENTH CENTURY FOR THE USES OF WAR WHICH

The Dais of Great Hall, now Screened to Make a Dining-room

The Roof and Inner Court fro

The Castle dates from various periods, and even that part built by Ranulph century. The edifice was continu

The Summit of Dacre Tower

Showing the turret and look-out, from which views of Scotland and the Border are obtainable

The Gatehouse, Boathouse,

The boathouse on right is, at pre

ithout and Within

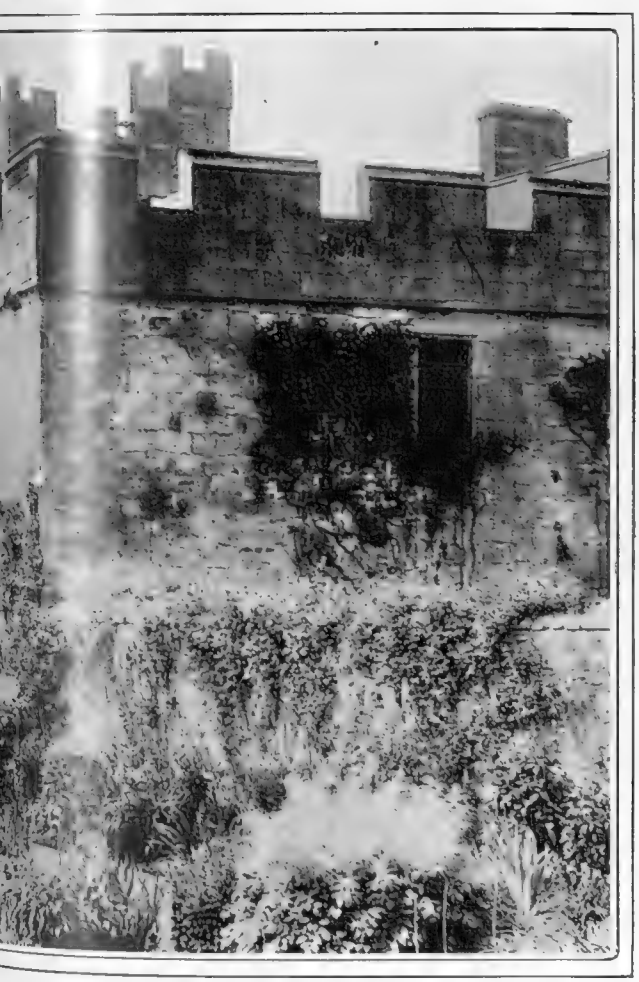
FLOURISHES IN THE TWENTIETH AS A STRONGHOLD OF THE ARTS OF PEACE

Lord William Howard's Tower

e Dacre in 1 is said to have been erected upon portions dating from the tenth being added up to James I.'s time

A Bit of the Drawing-room, looking West

Pictures over fireplace include Holbein's Thomas, Duke of Norfolk. Other pictures are Viscount Falkland, Sir George Lisle, and some early Howard miniatures



Moat, now a Flower Garden

used by Lord Carlisle as a studio

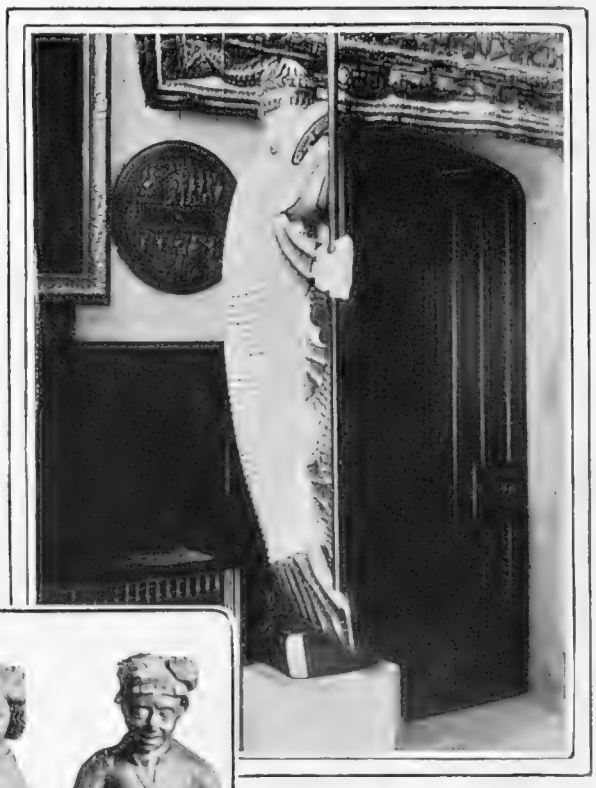
The Ravine on East side of Castle

A view from one of the small and homely sitting rooms of the Castle

The Carven Crests of Four Famous Families

The De Multon Unicorn

This large figure, which is said to be that of a unicorn, is the cognisance of the De Multon family. With the other carved heraldic beasts it now forms part of the decoration of the hall



The Dolphin Crest of Greystock

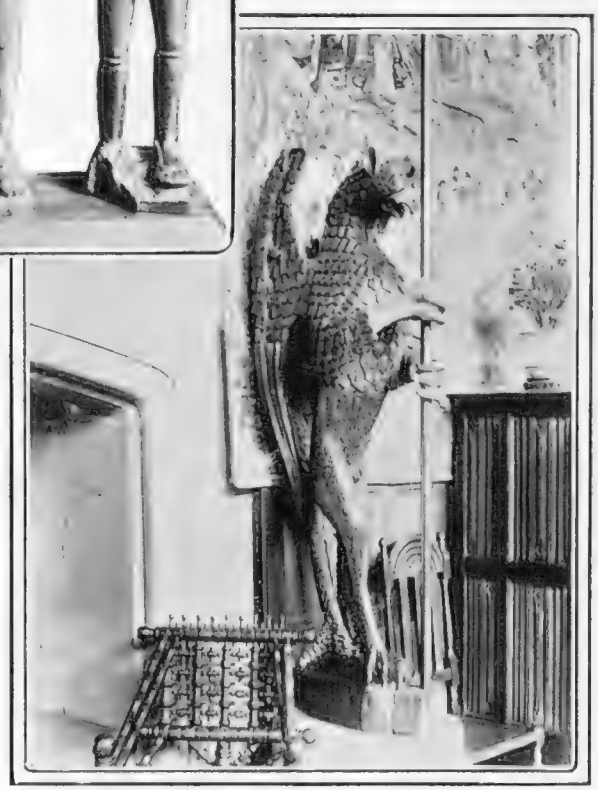
This great wooden crest is the cognisance of Greystock, and now forms a decorative object at the end of the hall

Quaint Wooden Figures in Gallery

It is supposed they were at one time placed on the turrets to mislead the enemy, who let fly at them with their bows and arrows thinking they were soldiers looking down. Unfortunately for this story, the Castle of Naworth was so situated that it was never called upon to sustain a siege

The Great Red Bull

The crest of Grimthorp, on left of the fireplace in the Great Hall



The Dragon of the Dacres

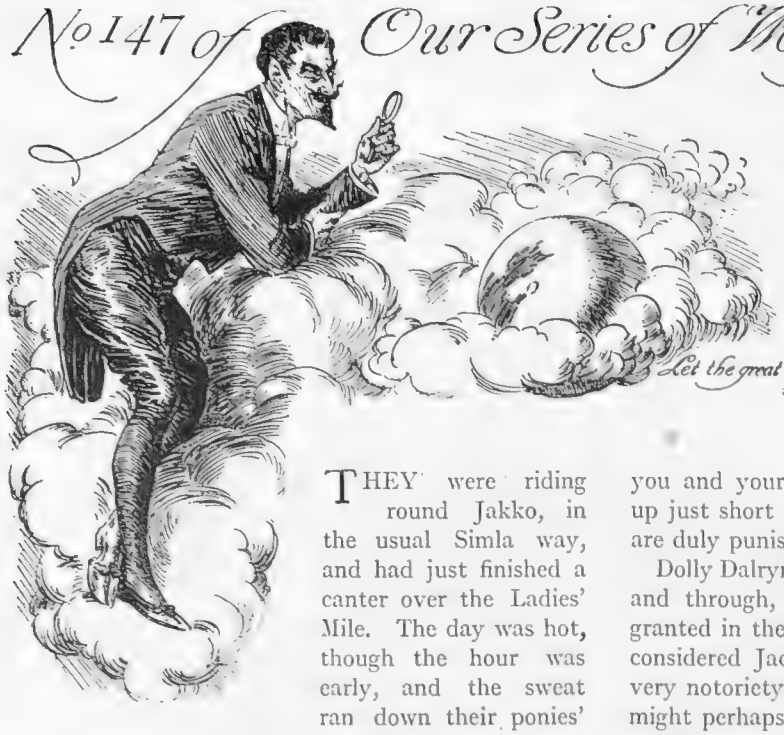
Which stands on right of the fireplace in the Great Hall

The Gallery, which was Once a Stronghold Wall

THE GALLERY, CONTAINING ARMOUR AND MANY OTHER MEMORIALS OF THE JACOBEAN DAYS

This broad, well-lighted gallery, 116 ft. long, has been stolen, as it were, from the solid wall of the ancient fortress without in any way taking from its effectiveness as a support, so enormously stout were its original proportions. The chests and chairs are especially typical of the period of Lord William Howard. The figures against the wall are the old wooden watchmen which appear on the opposite page

No. 147 of Our Series of Worldly Short Stories.



A Breath of Scandal

By WENTON STERNE

Let the great book of the world be your principal study.—Chesterfield

THEY were riding round Jakko, in the usual Simla way, and had just finished a canter over the Ladies' Mile. The day was hot, though the hour was early, and the sweat ran down their ponies' flanks. Above them as they rode the deodars whispered their eternal suggestions, below the valleys lay bare and brown in the stifling haze that heralds the breaking of the rains. Mynahs croaked and monkeys gibbered among the trees. Sleek babus, with well-oiled hair and freshly painted caste-marks, passed sedately on their way to office. Pack mules, struggling up the steep inclines from Koti, were respectfully stopped by their drivers, and stood straddle-legged and resentful, cropping the scanty herbage by the roadside.

Jack Smollett was up on leave, but his hours were now numbered. He had made the very best of his time in Simla, and in some respects would not be sorry to go down. His district was hot, but so was the atmosphere in which he was then living, just how hot he was not quite sure. He was still young enough to get into varied kinds of trouble, while obviously old enough to know better and to be treated accordingly. His dark blue eyes and mobile mouth had lost none of their attractiveness for women, but the hair that now showed grey on his temples deprived him of all excuses in the eyes of men.

His companion was a typical Anglo-Indian memsahib, whose qualifications to govern the limited universe which was always at her feet consisted chiefly of a pretty figure and a contempt for the conventions. The former is essential in India, and its importance needs no emphasising. It is the first and greatest gift of the gods in a country where the pith helmet and the riding-habit define and accentuate the slightest fault in outward line. The other is almost equally necessary in a society which observes only one of the commandments, and that the unwritten eleventh. You may do as you please in feminine India, so that you be not found out. Nay, you may even be notoriously detected, so long as no actual publicity pillories you beside life's highway. When that has happened, as it will at last, then hang your box out permanently to show that you still expect callers, and look up the list of sailings from Bombay. It will not be an easy matter to select a ship of tonnage adequate to the burden of you and your story too. Really clever women pull up just short of this point. The simple pass on, and are duly punished.

Dolly Dalrymple thought she knew her Simla through and through, not suspecting that such erudition is granted in the circle of the years to few indeed. She considered Jack Smollett a godsend by reason of his very notoriety. Had he been less marked a figure he might perhaps have been a little dangerous. But no one could possibly get into serious trouble with such a quick-change artist. Before Society could gaff him he could be trusted to have leapt the fall and to be swimming serenely in a fresh sea of scandal. So she had been very gracious to the reprobate, and had every intention of being still more so. If anyone else was annoyed, so much the better. Her husband, who idolised her, would be none the worse for a little provocative flirtation. He would realise with greater distinctness what a fortunate man he was. Besides, who ever dreamt of steady conjugal nonsense in Simla? Certainly there were limits to all things, they were neither of them likely to forget that. Meanwhile Jack was very nice, and it was satisfactory to have carried him off with such ease from the other women, who, whatever they might say, had always been proud to have him dangling round them.

They walked their ponies along the Mall until they came to Snowdon, which is, as everybody ought to know, the summer residence of the Commander-in-Chief. She turned her head, and pointed to the ball-room with her whip.

"Remember?" she said, and brought the whip down hard on the pony's quarter. The animal plunged forward, only to be reined in on the curb.

The man looked, and laughed.

"Of course," he answered; "but why smack Dodo for it?"

"Because I feel like punishing somebody."

"Feminine logic, lady mine."

"Very likely," she said quietly. "But who cares?"

With a touch of his heel he brought his pony close beside hers. She transferred her whip to the hand which held the reins, and let her right hand fall. He caught it deftly and pressed it to his lips. The wheels of a rickshaw were distinctly audible.

"Be careful," said Mrs. Dalrymple.

"It's all right. Only for remembrance, you know."

She snatched her hand away. But the rickshaw had rounded the corner. It swept past them, the jampanis running at full speed.

"Who was it?" said the woman.

(*All rights strictly reserved*) (*Continued on page 604*)

At the Moulin Rouge

Photo *Reutlinger*

MLLE. MEYAN, AN ATTRACTIVE SINGER NOW DELIGHTING AUDIENCES AT THE FAMOUS OLD MILL

(Continued from page 602)

Jack Smollett looked over his shoulder.

"Buff and green liveries and a yellow sunshade," he replied, with a mock shudder; "obviously no one who can matter at all."

"Indeed, sir, then it may interest you to hear that that rickshaw contained Mrs. Macpherson, the stoutest, slyest, silkiest cat in Asia."

"Shall I ride after her and murder her?"

"Don't be silly."

"Well, let her live. Do you think she saw us? A woman with that taste in colours would stick at nothing."

"We shall find out soon enough. It's all very well for you; you're going down. My life won't be worth living up here when that woman begins to talk."

"Come, Dolly, it can't be as bad as that."

Mrs. Dalrymple grew suddenly grave.

"Look here, Jack," she said, "I'm beginning to be half sorry I ever did it. Of course, we know there's no harm in it. But it isn't fair to Tom."

Jack Smollett whistled softly. This was a symptom he was very familiar with. The curse of it was that it sounded the charge, and he was not quite ready. He had meant to choose his own time. A certain hardness came into his eyes, the look of the sportsman as he presses the trigger.

"All right, dear," he said, "don't worry about it now. I'll come in to tea as usual, and we'll talk it all out."

Mrs. Dalrymple picked up her reins, and they trotted on until they reached her gate. She galloped up the steep path to the house, switching her pony, and Jack Smollett walked on to the Club. He dismounted, and stood for a moment looking at the ridges that bounded the horizon. Then he turned quickly.

"It must be to-day, then," he said half aloud, and went in.

. . . . . .

Dolly tripped along the verandah to the glazed-in corner where her husband sat working at his files. Thomas Dalrymple looked up with a smile. The sight of his young wife, as she stood before him in the sunlight, was a pleasant relief to his eyes from the type-written pages dotted with crabbed marginal notes and references on which they had been fastened so long.

"Well, Baby," he said, "had a good ride?"

Dolly pouted prettily. It was one of her accomplishments.

"Not bad," she replied; "a bit too hot, perhaps. Now I must go and dress."

Dalrymple put his papers together and knotted the red tape neatly over them. He dropped the file on the floor beside his chair, among the many others that represented his early morning's work.

"Look here, little woman," he said, "give me a few minutes before you go upstairs. There's one thing I want to talk about; and it's my morning with the Governor, so I shan't see you till this evening. Sit down, I won't keep you long."

She dropped into a basket chair, and sat tapping the toe of her dainty boot with her whip. Dalrymple called in a couple of chuprassis, who collected the files with impassive stolidity and removed them. Then he lit a cigarette with some deliberation and turned to his wife.

"I've been hearing some gup about Smollett," he said.

Dolly uncrossed her legs, and leant slightly forward.

"I don't attach much importance to it," proceeded Dalrymple, "but so far as it goes it's not particularly nice. He seems to have been making an ass of himself in one or two directions lately. The main point is that I'd rather you didn't see much more of him. Fellows like that don't count for much, anyway, but they can sometimes do a certain amount of mischief. And this is the very devil of a place for cackle of all sorts. Have you seen really much of the chap?"

"I've danced with him a good many times, as you know, Tom."

"Yes, well, that's all right. But try and keep him off now. I mean, don't ride about with him or have him round here alone, or anything of that kind."

Dolly began to feel frightened. The appointment for that very afternoon, made at the end of her ride, looked like leading up to complications.

"Can't you tell me anything more?" she asked.

"What's the use, Baby?"

"Only that it seems rather funny to cut anybody on such a vague warning as this. I like Mr. Smollett very much, and I can't believe he's done anything very frightful."

Dalrymple smiled.

"Why, how can you have any idea about it?"

"Only that he's talked to me a good deal; and, well, I don't think he's that sort of person at all," said Dolly defiantly.

Her husband threw his cigarette away and stood up.

"You can take it from me, dear," he said gently, "that there's not much good in him. But I don't want to discuss the matter any further. Now run away and change. I must eat and be off."

She kissed him perfunctorily and went upstairs. In the course of her toilet she thought matters over. It was just as well, perhaps, that Tom had spoken, though it did make things just a wee bit troublesome. However, she had not made any promise, which had been rather clever of her. Tom was, of course, an old dear, but he was painfully proper. The stories about Jack had probably been put about by two or three women in revenge. They represented nothing but remorse for wasted opportunities. Besides, Jack had told her the other side of all these stories. She was glad she had not tried to explain to Tom. He would not have understood. To begin with, he wasn't a classical man. And Jack had made it thoroughly clear to her that you must above all things be Greek; that is, if you didn't want to be merely crude or a hopeless Philistine.

As she stood before her cheval glass, submitting to the ministrations of her ayah, and able to study herself without hindrance, she reflected that Jack had been quite right when he whispered to her in the kala jagah at Snowdon that she was the only real Greek in Simla besides himself. He had warned her against trying to find any more. That was, no doubt, why people told horrid stories against him.

He had talked so well that night of the essential difference between the Greek Eros and the vulgar post-classical Cupid, the latter being only fit for valentines and cheap Dresden china. He had put the whole thing before her so clearly that she could never forget it, never.

She remembered how she had sat with him all through the dance that she had promised to that tiresome Colonel, who wasn't at all Greek, and who

(Continued on page 606)

The Last Place in Switzerland

PICTURESQUE AND POPULAR GOESCHENEN, AT THE FOOT OF ST. GOTHARD

Photo *E. N. A.*

Situated at the Swiss end of the famous St. Gothard Tunnel, Goeschenen is rapidly becoming a favourite resort, and has, during the past few months, been enjoying a season of unexampled prosperity. The little town has been crowded with English visitors, three M.P.'s and two members of the House of Lords being among the number. The contrast of climate, often winter-like when the traveller enters the Goeschenen end of the tunnel, and summer-like on arriving at Airolo, in Italy, is remarkable

(Continued from page 604)

had been quite sulky about it afterwards. She recollected, with a delicious flush, that ran through all her veins, her initiation into the mysteries of Eros. And it was quite true there was nothing really wrong in it. It was only maddeningly sweet. At tea-time Jack was coming to tell her more, and she had a Greek dress to put on, and had promised to do her hair to suit it.

The more she turned it over the clearer it grew to her that she must at least see Jack once, if only to tell him that Tom would not allow her to be Greek any more just at present. Luckily, it was impossible that they should be interrupted. Tom would go straight from the Governor to the Club, and only come home in time for dinner.

The golden sunshine streamed into the room, and flooded her all over. She stretched out her arms with a happy little sigh, and kissed her hand to Phœbus. She felt that it was good to be alive and young.

At last she awoke from her reverie, and bade the ayah make haste to dress her.

. . . . . .

It was certainly an ugly scene. The Club had never witnessed such another. The words had scarcely left the speaker's mouth when he received Thomas Dalrymple's fist full in his face and subsided incontinently on to the floor. It was as bad as it could be. The servants were all about, and there could be no disguising what had taken place. In a short hour the story would be all over Simla.

When a leading civilian knocks down a Major, even if the latter be only a medical, tongues wag.

All this and more passed through the minds of those present. Two or three men rose, ready to seize Dalrymple. Another knelt by the fallen man. There was no need for immediate action in the case of the assailant. Mechanically he drew out his handkerchief and twisted it round his right hand. One of the knuckles had been grazed, and the blood was flowing from it. He looked for a moment at his antagonist, and then at the others.

"Sorry," he said, "but some lies have to be dealt with at once."

No one answered. Dalrymple walked straight out. A servant ran after him with his hat. He took it, but did not put it on. The sais followed him, leading his pony.

He went down the zigzag path to the Mall. There the sais let down the stirrups, but he took no notice and walked on. A man riding past nodded. He looked ahead and made no answering sign. The man turned in his saddle with an after-glance of surprise.

"Wonder what's up," he said; "old Dalrymple looks quite dazed."

When he reached the Club he heard. Various were the speculations and many the bets as to what would happen next. The battered Major had been packed into a rickshaw and sent home. He was not much hurt, but his pride exacted that, having failed so signally as a combatant, he should at least cut an interesting figure as an invalid. His vengeance would take the form of an active propagation of the story with the help of his wife, whose tongue had never failed her yet in this exercise.

Meanwhile Dalrymple strode on, and thought, thought hard and deep. He tortured himself with imaginings of what he might find at home. Suddenly he reflected, with immense relief, that Macpherson was probably a liar. In that case Jack Smollett, of course, would not be there at all, and Dolly would be waiting for him with her light laughter and butterfly criticisms. He would have to tell her some story about Macpherson having a touch of the sun. Yes, decidedly, that was all that was going to happen.

He stopped at his own gate. The sais came up at a run. He flung himself into the saddle, and clattered up to the house. At least, he thought, he would not steal in on them.

The pony pulled up at the door. He threw his leg over its neck, polo fashion, and dropped to the ground. Then, leaving the animal to plunder the flower-beds, he went into the house. In the drawing-room he found Dolly and Jack Smollett.

He stared with listless eyes at the Greek dress, and the hair with the broad bands of gold braid across it. They meant nothing to him. Only he held the door wide open. She rose with a shiver, and walked out. The two men heard her go up to her bedroom and turn the key in the lock.

Then Dalrymple spoke.

"I've just knocked Macpherson down at the Club," he said, "for telling the truth. That was the beginning—this is the end. What am I going to do with you?"

Jack Smollett threw up his head.

"Anything you like," he answered; "I don't care. Only do it quick."

"Suppose I speak to the right people, and break you."

"You can't, sir. Think what it will mean to her."

Dalrymple clenched his fist.

"Don't mention her, damn you," he said.

"Look here," retorted Jack Smollett, "I won't stand that."

"Stand what, you cur?"

"Leaving her out of it."

The two drew closer together. Then the stupid, sordid humour of the scene burst on both of them. Jack Smollett's upraised hands went to the lapels of his coat, and fumbled there ineffectively. Dalrymple turned away abruptly. The situation was getting beyond him.

Suddenly the door upstairs opened, and Dolly's light tread was heard in the silence that followed.

"This is hopeless," said Dalrymple.

Swiftly Jack Smollett seized the opportunity.

"I'm going to clear out of the window before she comes in," he said hurriedly. "What we've got to do is to kill this thing dead. I shall go and manhandle that accursed Scotchman a bit more. That will do as well as anything."

Then for the first time Dalrymple laughed.

"You seem to have some blood in you after all," he said. "Shake hands, and get out. If I ever see you here again I'll smash you like a snake."

Jack Smollett went down next day. Macpherson was in bed for a week.

The Dalrymples left shortly for Europe, on long leave. The Club Committee decided, after long deliberation, that the fracas in the billiard-room, and the subsequent scene at Macpherson's bungalow, were wholly private matters of which no official cognisance could possibly be taken.

And thus was Simla cheated of a most promising scandal.

WENTON STERNE.

THE LIBRARY

By VIVIAN CARTER

BOOKS OF THE WEEK

"A Spirit in Prison." By Robert Hichens. (Hutchinson: 6s.)

"Mirage." By E. Temple Thurston. (Methuen.)

"The Magnate." By Robert Elson. (Heinemann.)

An Echo of "The Call of the Blood"

The sequel has a bad name—and generally deserves it. Necessarily, it ages the characters of the original, and, therefore, rids them of their romance. If, however, it is exceedingly difficult to be enthralled by the activities of middle age, something can always be made out of its psychology. In writing a sequel to *The Call of the Blood*, Mr. Robert Hichens has well realised that fact, and, therefore, *A Spirit in Prison* (Hutchinson: 6s.) is an exceedingly psychological performance. It is packed full of emotional niceties and subtleties. We are introduced to two characters of *The Call of the Blood* who were, even in that story, well on in years—Hermione, the very intellectual wife of the Sicilian-blooded Maurice Delarey (whose Sicilianism, it will be remembered, got him into trouble with a peasant girl and ended his career), and Emile Artois, the even more intellectual French author, to nurse whom, it will again be remembered, Hermione left her husband on the honeymoon. Hermione and Artois, still friends, though eighteen years older, live in a perpetual puzzle as to other people's temperaments. Hermione herself hungers for love, but does not find her appetite satisfied by the maternal feeling she has for her sixteen-year-old daughter Vere; therefore she talks, and talks, and talks about it, while Artois listens and advises.

"G. K. C."

A portrait of Mr. G. K. Chesterton, reproduced from the frontispiece of a life of that author published by Alston Rivers

* * *

Trouble About a Temperament

Vere's temperament, in turn, gives trouble. Intensely conscious and sympathetic, she is attracted by one Ruffo, a Neapolitan diving-lad of her own age. Now Ruffo is, as is perfectly obvious to the reader, none other than the son of Hermione's dead husband by the peasant girl with whom—during his wife's absence—he philandered. But it takes the period of the whole book for that simple and not very terrifying fact to sink into the minds of the various characters themselves. By very leisurely stages the truth becomes known in turn to Artois, to Gaspare, the Sicilian retainer, and to Hermione herself, who, one is to suppose, ultimately discovers in the lad that object for love which is her life's greatest ideal. Vere, after enjoying the lad's daily friendship—she is allowed a freedom in the choice of her friends and line of life which, for the age of sixteen, is decidedly unusual—succeeds in arousing the devotion of the rather charming young Italian Marquis, Panacci, who, however, is repulsed somewhat cruelly. But, then, being, as he angrily confesses himself to Artois (who, out of a paternal regard for Vere, has frustrated him in his suit), "natural," "passionate," "sincere," etc.—in fact a plain man before God, and the only healthy type in the whole book—he is not likely to have much of a time at the hands of Mr. Hichens's erotic crew. How dare he have no psychology?

* * *

Too Much Psychology?

Save for the scene of the Marcheso's passionate demand for Vere, and his denunciation of Artois, there is not much that is really dramatic in this story, even though the action does lie in and around Naples. Most of the book is occupied in analyses of the emotions and morbid speculations. To and fro goes Hermione from her island to Naples, and to and fro comes Artois from Naples to the island, and they seem to be on psychological tenterhooks the whole time. They will not suffer their poor temperaments a moment's rest. If only those worthy people who so vigorously denounce the sex novel of the ordinary vulgarly realistic type would transfer their attentions to the psychological novel of to-day, I feel sure

it would be realised that the damage done to the morals of the reader is infinitely worse. The former offends, perhaps; but it does remind us, in its coarse fashion, of actualities of life, of things essential and permanent and common to all ages and climes. The erotic novel of the type of *A Spirit in Prison*, which tells of unreal people lacking the power of healthy thought and feeling, engaged in perpetual analyses of surface emotions; which magnifies the aberrations and belittles the normal passions of men and women, between whom the light of true love is never allowed to shine save through a shade or a prism—that is the type of book which some literary Cromwell must, one day, angrily order to be taken away.

* * *

An Artistic Novel

In these days, when problems of sex and psychology so dominate the situation, one is gratified indeed to come across the "art-novel"—a novel, that is, which is planned to produce one single effect. The word *Mirage* is an exquisite one, and Mr. E. Temple Thurston has written to it a story (published by Methuen) which is unique in its simplicity and charm. Upon an elderly French Viscount, whom poverty has driven to the obscurity of Bloomsbury, Fate plays a picturesque prank. Three circumstances of his life give him the obsession that he has received back three lost gifts—youth, love, and fortune. For a while he glories in the "mirage," only to realise that it is but an illusion. The Viscount, led to believe that he is the heir to a fortune, takes a cottage in the country, and there encounters and falls in love with the daughter of his former sweetheart. Pitying him, the girl does not disillusion him. She allows him to propose, and does not reveal that there is another whom she loves. Incidentally he helps her father in money troubles by raising a loan on historic heirlooms. Then the triple crash. He overhears the girl in love's commune with a younger swain, and renounces his own claim. The promised fortune is revealed to be illusory. Youth, love, and fortune are, then, none of them his after all! It has been a mirage. So he sinks back into the obscurity whence he emerged. The tale is simple and moving, and most gracefully related, and the Viscount quite one of the most lovable creatures.

* * *

The "Don't Touch Me" Heroine

The Magnate (Heinemann), by Robert Elson, is a long and elaborate story which may appeal to some. The heroine is a young woman whose physical repulsion for her middle-aged but wealthy suitor makes her stipulate that, should they marry, he shall not inflict on her so much as one kiss—that he shall not, in fact, even touch her. The man accepts, takes her about, lavishes gifts and luxuries on her. In the course of time—she has, of course, attentions from another man to contend with, an unscrupulous fellow who plans and executes her abduction while on the Riviera—she grows so to appreciate her husband's kindness that she relents, and they ultimately live happily. The book is a fairly wide study of a type of woman not unfamiliar; the scenes of travel are well depicted, as also are the earlier chapters of the heroine's life, which deal with her chequered career in the dismal capacity of "lady-help"—from which she is rescued by her husband.

Photo *Topical Agency*

The Latest Art Theft: The Vandyck which has Vanished from Vienna

The "Head of a Child," by Vandyck, one of the treasures of Count Narrach's Gallery in Vienna, which was stolen recently, was worth about £4,000. The dimensions are about 18in. by 15in.

* * *

Mr. Chesterton Boswellised

Why has somebody (anonymous) written a critical biography of Mr. G. K. Chesterton? The question is one I should like to have gone on angrily asking, with devastating effect, had it not been that the author inconsiderately answers it in his preface. Admitting that Mr. Chesterton is not dead, but that he is quite young, he says that he writes this book not as a "literary criticism," but as a discussion on politics, something of which, he alleges, Mr. Chesterton is actually possessed. He is, I gather to my horror, a sort of Liberal—a kind of counterblast to Mr. Kipling, who stands for "Anti-Imperialism," and for much else besides, for Catholicism with its back to the wall, for the hunger of a perplexed age, and goodness knows what else. If Mr. Chesterton really stands for all these things, then, of course, somebody was bound to write a book about him as quickly as possible. It appears that Walt Whitman was the first spark to arouse the furnace within him, and that his earlier poems are in affinity with that wild spirit. The book is valuable to its subject for one thing, at all events: it defends G. K. C. against the charge of being a mere paradoxist, like unto, say, Wilde. That author's efforts were, we are assured, purely artistic products, fashioned solely for the sake of their own wit. Chesterton's, on the other hand, "consist not merely in the inversion of a proverb, but in the deliberate presentation of some unusual and unpopular thesis, with all the provocative features displayed." The book is published by Alston Rivers. V. C.

Up Country in the Shan States

Photo] A PLEASING SCENE ON THE ROAD FROM MANDALAY *[Glover*

The little-known Shan States, situated on the borders of Burmah, Siam, and China, to the north-east of Mandalay, at the sources of the Irrawaddy river, are a happy and little-frequented hunting-ground for both the sportsman and the globe-trotter. The Shans are the descendants of the aboriginal race of China, and are an easy-going, laughter-loving race, fond of gambling and such sport as cock-fighting. There are valuable forests of teak, and silver and ruby mines, while the native-chased work on gold and silver is much sought after

Lady Colonists in the Making

INSTRUCTION AT HOME FOR THE LIFE ABROAD

Last summer the Canadian Government sent over a woman representative, Mrs. Simpson Hayes, to arrange for the emigration of hundreds of gentlewomen to Canada. A Colonial Training Farm has now been started at Arlesey, near Hitchin, by Miss Turner, F.R.H.S., to give such girls a thorough training in all the duties and occupations which fall to the lot of the feminine emigrant. There are already colleges managed with such intent, but this new scheme gives an actual experience of home farm life, the whole place being run by the pupils under the superintendence of the Principal and the Vice-Principal.

Driving the Ducks Home

A Comprehensive Curriculum

Housework in all its branches, including plain cooking and bread-making, is taught side by side with pig-keeping and the care of poultry and bees. Such useful gardening as the growing of vegetables, fruit, and hardy flowers is also taken. Instruction is even given in how to build a simple variety of the *maraicher* frames—of which there is so much talk at present—for the cultivation of early vegetables.

In their season the preserving and bottling of fruit and vegetables and pickling and curing of bacon occupy the attention of the prospective emigrants. Raised pies are also a great speciality, these and casserole cookery being intended to leave the housewife free from the cares of the kitchen on washing days. Dairy work, laundry work, riding, and driving are other subjects. The girls take it in turns, a week at a time, to occupy the post of cook, housemaid, and gardener. The dusting and sweeping are least appreciated, and the housemaid generally hurries through her work to join the party in the garden. The pupils are not allowed to take their holiday at the same time in each of the two years that constitute the course of training, so that none of the special work of any season is missed.

Feeding the Pigs

Attending to the Bees

Gentlewomen Wanted

Mrs. Simpson Hayes was specially asked to bring gentlewomen back with her last year. She says there is no room in Canada for the girl who has worked as a servant over here, and thinks that by going to to Canada and doing nothing she will reach the goal of her ambition and become "a lady." It is found that those who fit in best in the Canadian homes, who rise to the occasion, and do without a murmur any and all of the unexpected tasks which may fall to their lot, are the women of the upper middle classes, daughters of professional men, and so on. These are

To prepare girls who wish to emigrate for the exigencies of Colonial life a training farm has recently been started at Arlesey, near Hitchin, by Miss Turner, F.R.H.S., where the intending Colonist can acquire a thorough insight into such duties and occupations, outdoor and indoor, as are certain to fall to her lot

SCENES OF ACTIVITY AT THE TRAINING FARM NEAR HITCHIN

Getting Ready to be Rough and Ready

A Little Lesson in Chopping Wood

the women who are wanted in the Colonies. The others are only "superfluous" over there. And if the work is hard, as a well-known professional woman said recently, for one woman of this class who dies of over-work, a hundred die for want of work, or drag out an existence that is not worth living.

A Hint

If all who took the step of going to the Colonies had had previous training in the domestic arts, such as that given at Miss Turner's farm, it would be a happy thing for the employers who await them across the water. As a rule, the unfortunate employer has to begin by training the girl, and by the time she is competent she marries and departs to a home of her own, there to go through a similar domestic difficulty.

Practical and Theoretical Training

Miss Turner's pupils certainly show themselves afraid of nothing. In one of our pictures they will even be seen at work digging up a piece of rough ground—"breaking ground" as it is called. Carpentering lessons are also taken, which are necessary for other things besides the making of the *maraîcher* frames. There is an excellent horticultural and agricultural library in the farm, and a couple of lectures a week are given in the evenings by the Principal. The students may choose their own subjects, which may be "Catering for a Family for a Week," or "Bookkeeping," or "Horticulture." Miss Turner was for several years her father's assistant on a farm of 1,500 acres, and after that she was Vice-Principal at the Glynde School of Gardening; so her experience is wide and varied. One unusual subject she makes a great point of is the carving of joints, as she holds that many shillings a week can be saved by an expert carver.

Milking Time

Manual Exercise with Spade, Fork, and Barrow: Breaking Ground

Besides ordinary farmwork and housework the pupils are given instruction in the methods of close-cultivation, about which so much has been heard lately, by which out-of-season vegetables may be profitably grown, and the girls are taught how to construct simple "*maraîcher* frames," and do simple carpentry jobs which such work necessitates

A Royal Indian Huntsman

Photo *A. T. W. Penn*

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE, A PROMINENT MEMBER OF THE "OOTY" HUNT, ON HIS HUNTER "ABBOT"

One of the best-known followers of the famous Ootacamund Hunt, the largest in India, is the young ruler of Mysore, and is among the keenest of the riders with this pack which hunts the Indian silver-coloured fox and jackal. He also takes a personal interest in racquets, polo, and driving, and is the owner of several cars

By Field, Stream & Covert.

A Notable Irish M.F.H.

How strange the Meath country will seem during the winter months to those who, season after season, have seen Mr. John Watson ever in the van, and have heard him blowing his hounds out of covert with a wonderful note, cheering them on the line of their fox, apostrophising in no measured terms and in the richest brogue some ignorant or thoughtless offender against the etiquette of the field. How, in short, will Mr. Watson be missed from the Mastership, wherein he was all the more successful for standing no sort of nonsense from his followers. Irish sportsmen regard Mr. Watson with an admiration which is entirely unalloyed. They believe him to be the finest huntsman in the world, and they are not far wrong. Certainly among amateurs he has no superior, and, perhaps, only two or three equals, the Duke of Beaufort, Mr. C. McNeill, and Mr. E. P. Rawnsley being among the latter. This being so, it can be imagined what regret was caused by the news that he is obliged to give up the Mastership of the Meath owing to ill-health. He has always been one of the most commanding figures in modern sport; but some bad accidents at hunting and polo have no doubt gone to undermine even his iron frame, with the result that he is now obliged to take a long rest. May that give him a quick recovery. Mr. Watson was the most notable polo player of his day, and did more than any other man to develop the game in these islands. What a treat it always was to see him schooling a team of young players! How he would scold and praise them, and get the best out of them! The gap in the leadership of the Meath Hunt has been filled by the Earl of Fingall, a former Master of the pack, who has come forward unhesitatingly to help the Hunt in a difficult crisis, and has arranged to take the hounds during the ensuing season.

The Duke of Beaufort, Injured while Cub-hunting Last Week

Much sympathy will be felt with his Grace in his unfortunate accident while cub-hunting last week, resulting in a fractured leg, which will incapacitate him just at the opening of a promising season

Bad Luck for the Badminton Duke

In the foregoing paragraph I have mentioned the Duke of Beaufort as being probably one of the few equals of Mr. Watson as amateur huntsman. There are interesting similarities between these two good sportsmen. Both are heavyweights, yet find it no barrier against riding straight across country. Both are keenly devoted to hound-breeding, and have built up splendid packs. Both have nothing to learn from the professionals about hounds or foxes. And now both are incapacitated at the same time from following their beloved sport—Mr. Watson, as already said, by reason of the unfortunate breakdown in his health, the Duke by reason of a fractured leg, sustained most unluckily in an accident while cub-hunting last week. Only a few days before his mishap his Grace had been kind enough to write to me to say how bright were the prospects of sport in the Badminton country, and he put in his letter a glowing word or two for his farmers and the support they gave to the Hunt.

Big Bags at Broomhead

No moor, either in Scotland or England, has so great a reputation as Broomhead, where marvels have been achieved with grouse in the way of breeding, driving, and shooting. Despite the enormous bags which have been made in this Yorkshire moor, Mr. R. H. Rimington-Wilson is no hankerer after records. Simply, he has improved his moors to so great an extent that they yield an amazing head of grouse, and by the modern developments of driving it has been found possible to kill as many as 1,000 brace a day. For a variety of reasons Mr. Rimington-Wilson finds it infinitely preferable to arrange his shoots on this big scale rather than to thrash his moors until the end of the season. On the first day's shooting this year 1,829 grouse were killed, and two days later 1,047 grouse were brought down. On the intervening day 773 rabbits were shot. It is a point worth mentioning that on each day the wind was exceptionally high, and birds very wild. Besides Messrs. R. H. and H. Rimington-Wilson, the guns were Lord Onslow, Lord Balfour of Burleigh, the Right Hon. James Lowther (the Speaker), Sir Savile Crossley, Colonel R. Sandeman, Mr. Waldo Sibthorpe, and Mr. W. Barry. A. W. C.

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

The New Rules

The new draft code has been submitted to the ordeal of the extraordinary general meeting of the premier Club, and has come out of it with a goodly number of alterations. First and foremost we may all congratulate ourselves that the rule about casual water on the putting green has at last been put into proper shape. It will be remembered that in our issue of the 26th ultimo I put in a strong plea for the resuscitation of the original rule proposed by the Rules Committee in September, 1904. I have always been a strong supporter of this proposed rule, which eliminated any possibility of unfairness caused by the presence of casual water on the putting green. I had hoped that the present Committee would, even at the eleventh hour, take their courage in two hands and boldly return to their original proposal of 1904. But it has been left to a member of the Club, Mr. J. T. Inglis, to carry off the honours of the occasion. His amendment, embodying the *ipsissima verba* of the 1904 proposal, as quoted by me on the 26th ultimo, has been passed by the Club in preference to several other proposals, including one by the Rules Committee themselves, all falling short of the logical completeness of the one now passed. Thus we may hope that the putting green casual water battle has been finally fought and won, and that we shall have no further trouble in this respect. For I do not suppose for an instant that the autumn business meeting of the Club on the 29th inst. will do anything but formally ratify the results of the Club's recent labours.

Photo *Graphic Photo Union*

A Royal Golfer

Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein playing at Osborne Cottage. Her Royal Highness is a keen player, and is frequently seen at Sunningdale

Criticism and Discussion

I hinted in my first review of the new rules that the new penalty laid down for a ball played out of bounds would come in for a good deal of criticism and discussion. This surmise was amply verified by the numerous amendments having for their object the retention of the present rule, of which I was in favour myself. Out of this discussion at the meeting an entirely unexpected result has come about. One of the reasons for increasing the severity of the out-of-bounds' penalty from loss of distance only to loss of stroke and distance was this, that a ball lost or unplayable on the course entailed the loss of the hole in match play, while a presumably worse hit ball which went right off the course only involved loss of distance. The Committee have now boldly recommended that the penalty for a lost ball shall be the same in both match and medal play, viz., loss of stroke and distance. This involves another considerable departure from the time-honoured tradition of "play the ball or lose the hole" in match play. We have all been so brought up on the old rule of lost ball lost hole in match play that we have never stopped to consider how tremendously severe the penalty was for what in nine out of ten cases is a pure piece of bad luck. But how will this rule work on very crowded links like St. Andrews and others? Men running back to play a fresh ball, after spending some time in searching for the lost treasure, will certainly not add to the gaiety or comfort of those waiting to get on.

Making for Uniformity

I am not sure that this innovation in match play will be an unmixed blessing, and I am sufficiently conservative to regret the disappearance of the simple, if severe, law which bade you find your ball or lose the hole, and so made you pass on to the next hole when you found the next party coming up to you. It is not clear from the report of the meeting whether this proposal was approved by the Club, but it is to be duly embodied in the revised version of the draft code. It may still possibly encounter opposition at the end of the month. It certainly makes for uniformity, if at the expense of tradition. ERNEST LEHMANN.

"On Either Side"

"On Either Side" is the title of a singularly attractive brochure just issued by the East Coast Railway Companies (the Great Northern, North Eastern, and North British), the object of which is to enable travellers by the East Coast route to and from Scotland to appreciate intelligently the districts they are passing through. The entire route is divided up into thirty-two admirable sketch maps, on which all points of interest are clearly indicated, and a wealth of historic and general information given. The idea is an admirable one, and the possession of the booklet will serve to relieve that small amount of tedium which attaches to the four-hundred mile journey from London to Edinburgh by the East Coast route

Angling as a Spectacle

FISHING FOR THE ENGLISH CHAMPIONSHIP NEAR WISBECH

"Brothers of the Angle" at Work at Tydd, near Wisbech

Photos *Illustrations Bureau*

The Army of Competitors Going to Take up their Positions

The English Angling Championship, fished for at Tydd, near Wisbech, recently, was "landed" by the team representing the Sheffield and District Angling Association, the Sheffield Amalgamated Association being second. Being a warm, muggy day, the conditions were perfect for bream fishing, and the biggest fish, caught by Mr. S. Mason, of the Sheffield Amalgamated, weighed 6lb. 2oz., while several others scaled over 5lb. An unfortunate team was that which hailed from Manchester, whose twelve representatives were unable to show a single fish to their credit! The competition evoked much interest in the district, and was watched by a large number of spectators

RACING NOTIONS

THE AUTUMN HANDICAPS. By CARBINE

The Fine St. Leger Finish

Long to be remembered was the finish between Your Majesty and White Eagle for the St. Leger. Just when we thought that the favourite was going to sail home serenely, White Eagle came on the scene almost miraculously. Maher had saved him for one great effort at the finish, and desperately he challenged the leader. Would Your Majesty turn it up under pressure, as we often see faint-hearted thoroughbreds do in similar circumstances? Would Walter Griggs, a lad on whom so much responsibility rested, lose his head and suffer himself to be worsted on the post by the most successful horseman of the period? Those were the questions which flashed through the mind of the giant crowd breathlessly watching that Homeric struggle in the last fifty yards of the great race. In answer, Mr. Joel's gallant bay showed that he is fully endowed with the magnificent courage and stamina of his distinguished sire. Griggs, too, demonstrated that he was worthy of the trust placed in him. Neither horse nor jockey faltered; White Eagle's brilliant challenge was brilliantly met, and the St. Leger was Your Majesty's by a clear half length. Then came the animated scene in the paddock, young Griggs riding the victor through the surging crowd with his face wreathed in an expansive smile. There was no enthusiasm in the real sense; but everyone recognised the victor's fine effort, and a hearty cheer was sent up for horse and rider. Your Majesty has honestly won for himself the distinction of being the best three-year-old of the season; but it is a pity that Signorinetta could not have taken the field at Doncaster as fit as she was when she achieved her sensational success at Epsom.

Radium's Doncaster Cup

As for other Doncaster events, we have to mourn the downfall of The White Knight. There is something pathetic in the sight of a champion beaten. That The White Knight is a great horse has been shown by his performances in the past; but, somehow, he is not at his best just now, and it was amazing to see him beaten out of place over a distance which ought to have suited him admirably. Although few people can have backed Radium, his success was popular and well-cheered, for everyone likes and respects his owner, Mr. Leopold de Rothschild, one of the modern pillars of the Turf, and all are glad to see such a clinking horse carrying the immensely popular "blue and yellow." I don't know quite what to make of Glacis, who put up a good race with Radium for the Cup. How can you reconcile his game fight on Friday with his tame exhibition against Yentoi two days previously? Mention of Yentoi, by the way, reminds us that it is pleasant to see Mrs. Langtry doing so well on the Turf after a long spell of ill-luck. The explanation of Glacis's in-and-out form is probably to be found in a wayward disposition. The Hon. George Lambton, his trainer, has told me that he had a lot of trouble with the horse in his early days, but since then the horse has been regarded in the light of a reformed character.

The Cesarewitch

The question now is, Will Glacis win the Cesarewitch, to be run in a month from to-day? Taking him on his best form, I think it must be admitted that he has a notable chance, and at present I should not care to back anything to beat him. There need, however, be no hurry in meddling with the big Newmarket race. Better wait until after the Newbury Cup, which twelve months ago gave us a direct tip in Demure—and how brilliantly it came off. Meanwhile, we must not run away with the idea that Demure is "off the map" as regards the coming Cesarewitch, and I also entertain a very high opinion of the chances of the three-year-old Lagos. Indeed, if I were asked to make a selection for the race at this early stage I should couple Glacis and Lagos, and expect one of them to prove the winner.

A Likely Double

In the matter of the Cambridgeshire there is even less need for hurry than in the case of the longer race. Much will depend on the results of the Prince Edward Handicap, to be run next Saturday at Manchester, and the Duke of York Stakes, which is fixed for October 10. Several horses are entered for all three races, and it would be speculative in the highest degree to back one of these for the Cambridgeshire when by winning one of the other events he would incur a 10lb. penalty. Better to sacrifice a point or two in the odds than to see one's fancy suddenly faced with an exceedingly formidable, if not impossible, task. At present Llangwm, Cocksure II., Santere, All Black, and Poor Boy represent my idea of the most dangerous Cambridgeshire candidates, and I have a special liking for the first-named; but can we make him our selection when we know that he has prior engagements at Manchester and Kempton Park? This difficulty does not apply to Cocksure II., who, on the strength of his performance in the Hull Gold Cup, looks like settling down into a firm first favourite. I have been asked to suggest a double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, and in response take the Stanley House pair—**Glacis and Cocksure II.**

This Week's Racing

Prior to Manchester the best racing of the present week will be seen in the far North. On Wednesday **I'Anson** may take the West of Scotland Foal Stakes, and I look to **Eaton Lad** to take the Ayrshire Handicap on the following day. At Manchester on Friday **Electra** is my fancy for the Autumn Breeders' Foal Stakes, as presumably Bayardo will not be ready to run. On the second day of the meeting comes the interesting Prince Edward Handicap, in which, in my opinion, Llangwm, All Black, Santere, and Mercutio hold the best prospects, while the feather-weighted Normanie may also run prominently. My selection is **Llangwm,** with All Black for a place.

GAMES AND PASTIMES

The Cricket Festivals at Hastings and Scarborough

G. L. Jessop gave a characteristic demonstration of the way in which the fortunes of a side can be completely restored by one resolute man. When the South went in for the second time against the North they began none to well, but the arrival of Jessop soon put them on their feet again. Up to lunch-time he played steadily, and he and Relf between them took the score to 92, but after lunch he set about the bowling with such delightful freedom that the remaining 88 runs were obtained in three-quarters of an hour. Of these he himself scored 76, while Relf did the rest, with the result that the South, after appearing to be in the art, won comfortably by ve wickets. While essop was thus winning or the South off his own at, K. L. Hutchings was alliantly leading a forlorn ope at Scarborough gainst a team styled ord Londesborough's ngland Eleven. On the hird day he made 57 in fifty minutes before a heavy lownpour put a stop to the game and caused the atch to be drawn.

Photo *Illustrations Bureau*

Where Cricket was Cradled

Archdeacon Fearon speaking from the stone commemorating the prowess of the Hambledon cricket team in the latter half of the eighteenth century, after the unveiling ceremony last week

An Interesting Revival

Through the efforts of the Hampshire club, the historic match, Hambledon *v.* All England, was this year revived, and was played on Broad Halfpenny Down. "All England" were captained by G. L. Jessop, and Hambledon, for whom were playing C. B. Fry and E. M. Sprott, by E. Whalley-Tooker. The match resulted in a win for Hambledon by five wickets. To commemorate the famous matches of 130 years ago, which did much to foster the love of the game in England, a handsome granite column was unveiled, in the unavoidable absence of Dr. W. G. Grace, by Mr. Sprott, the Hampshire captain.

A Hurricane at Hythe Lawn Tennis Tournament

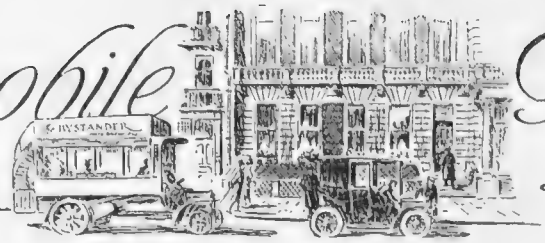
On Wednesday last at Hythe there was such a gale raging that it was practically impossible to play, except upon two or three courts, which were to some extent sheltered by hedges and trees. Under these trying conditions there was at least one upset of public form, the defeat of Hillyard by Mavrogordato. But it was not such an upset as some people think, for the agile little Greek has been going steadily ahead all through the season. Moreover, he showed next day that he had not only the weather to thank for Hillyard's downfall by administering to C. P. Dixon also the *coup de grace* under more normal atmospherical conditions.

Photo *Sport and General*

The Revival of the Hambledon v. All England Match on Broad Halfpenny Down: Jessop and Ford Batting

Cricket in England owes much to the fostering of the game by the Hambledon Village Club, who were successful against almost all comers from 1750 to 1791, among their opponents on many occasions being a team representing All England. Owing to the efforts of the Hampshire County Club the game has this year been revived, and was played at Hambledon last week

Automobile Topics



By COMYNS BEAUMONT

Against the Inconsiderate

Following the dignified manifesto issued to motorists by Prince Francis of Teck, Chairman of the Royal Automobile Club, to which I referred in last week's BYSTANDER, comes the promulgation of a "memorandum of a scheme for the establishment of machinery for dealing with inconsiderate driving," passed at the meeting of the R.A.C. General Committee at Norwich on September 5, 1908. This "scheme" possesses the recommendations of simplicity, practicability, and good sense, and its hearty reception by the chief automobile organisations throughout the country augurs well for the realisation of a more reasonable relationship between the non-motoring public and the world of automobilism than has of late been in evidence. The memorandum has for its text the remarks made by the President of the Local Government Board in the House of Commons on July 29 last, who, in voicing the attitude of the Government towards the motor movement, is reported to have said, "Motorists would be well advised if they realised that public opinion was *hardening considerably against the man who owned a motor-car and drove it under conditions and at a speed which were not in accordance with the neighbourly and kindly amenities that ought to exist among all drivers on the roads.*" They would be well advised if they recognised how public opinion was moving, and did not *provoke* the Department to go to the extreme length anti-motorists had advised them to go, which *he* would be very reluctant to do. *They* had to be told, and, if necessary, compelled, to put their house in order." The italics are mine, because, apart from any pedantic quibbles about ungrammatical construction, I think the passage anent neighbourly and kindly amenities deserving of the emulation of us all. It would, of course, be somewhat undignified were a British Government to be *provoked* into any injudicious or ill-considered legislative action, and that, of course—realising Mr. John Burns's reluctance to enter upon any such course—the R.A.C. Committee has set itself to avoid.

* * *

The Necessary Steps

After dealing with the broad question of the dangers, inconvenience, and annoyance inflicted upon an inoffensive public by the inconsiderate drivers of self-propelled vehicles, the Organising Committee of the R.A.C. proceeds to discuss in its "memorandum" the policy to be pursued and the methods to be employed. Regarding the former, the opinion has been formed by the Committee that the best way of dealing with the question is by the active co-operation of the motoring organisations with, first, the police, who have the enforcement of the law which is framed to deal with offences of the nature complained of, and secondly, with the public which asks for additional protection. This is not only a just and proper pronouncement, but, coming as it does from the executive of the most powerful automobile organisation in the world, may be accepted by every motorist—and anti-motorist—as a reliable guarantee that the best interests of all users of the highways and by-ways of the kingdom will be carefully safeguarded. The principle of decentralisation is advocated. In other words, provincial motor clubs are strongly recommended

Photo *Campbell-Gray*

For the Four-Inch Race in Manxland

Mr. J. W. Stocks, the famous international motor-race driver, will run this De Dion candidate for honours on September 24

THE WORLD-FAMED

"Angelus" PLAYER-PIANOS

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* * *

How They Are to be Pursued

To facilitate the better working of the scheme it is recommended that every motor club in the country should at once establish an Inconsiderate Driving Committee similar to that which now exists at headquarters. These committees should consist of not more than five members, should meet frequently, and be vested with executive powers in order to be able to take prompt and effective action in all cases brought under notice. The object of establishing and maintaining close friendly relations with the police is to receive through them a report of every case of inconsiderate driving, which reports are to be thoroughly and impartially investigated by the committees, and the police advised of the results, with a recommendation of the action suggested in each given case.

* * *

Aid from the Public

Further, the assistance of the public, particularly cyclists, is to be invited in reporting all cases which appear to call for the intervention of the I.D.C.'s, these reports to be dealt with in the first place by the clubs in whose districts alleged offences may have been committed, and when the facts have been ascertained and verified by credible witnesses, the cases are to be referred at once to the club in whose area the car complained of is registered. It has been agreed that any necessary repressive or punitive measures must be taken by the club controlling the offenders, such measures to be the suggesting of prosecution, expulsion from membership of a member, suspensions from competitors' register, and in the case of a driver holding the R.A.C. certificate for employment to recommend withdrawal of certificate or removal from the register. The Central Committee of the R.A.C. will co-operate with local clubs to the fullest possible extent, and any prosecutions which it may be necessary to undertake will be conducted from headquarters. Looking at these proposals broadly, it may appear at first sight that they are somewhat severe in their nature and too much savouring of a pandering to popular clamour at the expense of the great majority of automobilists, whose methods and records are unimpeachable, but the plain fact is that the presence of a very few black sheep in our midst has given occasion for the generation of a vast amount of motorphobia; and, as calculated to eliminate the offending minority, I heartily commend the action of the R.A.C.

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* * *

Miscellanea

For the information of intending competitors in the four-inch race and the motor-cycle event, we may mention that Mr. Harness, of the Continental Tyre and Rubber Company, Limited, Manchester, will be in attendance at the Villiers Hotel, where a large stock of motor and motor-cycle tyres of all sizes will be obtainable.

During the practice of competitors in the Tourist Trophy Race, a driver unfortunately ran into a bunch of calves which had strayed on to the road between Glen Helen and Kirkmichael, killing three of them. The owner's immediate concern was lulled when he found that the Royal Automobile Club would readily make cash recompense to him, but later on he announced his intention of driving the whole of his live stock on to the road during practice hours. In view of the possibilities, Mr. A. J. Wilson immediately detailed an additional couple of Dunlop flagmen to guard the scene of the threatened bovine promenade. Apart from their aversion to injuring live cattle, competitors have no inclination toward collision with even inanimate objects.

Brooklands September Meeting has been cancelled owing to the dearth of entries. The four-inch race in the Isle of Man, and the absence abroad of a large number of the B.A.R.C. supporters are the reasons imagined. There will be a meeting, however, next month, when the Grand Prix, which carries £400 sterling for the winner, will be the principal event.

A night and day trap on the Brighton road between Croydon and Purley is in full working order.

For motorists touring abroad, the English edition of the "Michelin Guide to France, 1908," will be found to be invaluable. Special attention has been given to the drawing of excellent plans and diagrams of the chief cities and large towns in which it is so easy to stray from the desired route. Section maps and full particulars of supply stores are also included.

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FROCKS·FRILLS & FURBELOWS

By MRS. JACK MAY

Notwithstanding the autumn season is still in its infancy—in fact, almost a baby in arms—there are quite a number of novelties to discuss. The shop-windows we left at the end of July decked out with all the frivolities of ephemeral muslins, etc., are now as determinedly sombre and solid in tone. In a way, this dreadfully previous spirit is to be deplored, and it is one, moreover, that grows irresistibly. One is reminded of Lewis Carroll's redoubtable Snark, who "frequently breakfasted at afternoon tea, and dined on the following day." The fear of being belated has become a very bugbear, and, but that summer things, modistic and otherwise, die hard, we might, in sheer weariness of protesting, settle down incontinently into wintry garbing. This, by the way, is enticing enough to soften the heart of the most adamantine economist.

The Vogue for Ottoman Silk

This is already quite an obsession. And a departure, curiously enough, that has not been led up to. Anyway, it is here, and it is good, especially when wrought into picturesque Louis Quinze coat form, with long, straight fronts and large, square pockets. The alliance of an Ottoman silk coat and a cloth skirt carries a decided claim to immediate recognition. It meets so admirably the needs of the earliest autumn demands, and stamps the wearer at once as a personage of smart discrimination. The most popular colours include the Isobel prunelle, plomb, and a rich deep cinnamon. These are all *chic nuances*, and are of the class, furthermore, to lend themselves to distinctive touches of colour relief in the guise of embroideries.

With milliners, again, Ottoman silk is placed on the highest pinnacle of approval, and is rapidly superseding the long-suffering satin for the services of the great wide-brimmed hats. But my advice with regard to all these silk-covered shapes is to exploit them quickly, for they are very surely touching the zenith of their success, and many of us are frankly admitting a weariness of spirit over what is colloquially termed "The Merry Widow" hat. It is highly probable, moreover, as the season advances, the revivalists of this ribbed silk will advise an emphasising of the quality, increasing the size of the rib. This, anyway, was the original outcome of the fancy, and that day will easily be recalled by a large number of my readers.

Photo *Manuel*
An Original Design for a Dinner-Gown for a Young Girl

Details of the Incroyable Period

The tailoring world has betrayed no scintillation of doubt regarding the decorative features of the large-pointed Incroyable revers, surmounted by the characteristic Napoleon collar. The alliance is singularly attractive applied to the high-waist, long-tail coat, the double-breasted fronts cut off like a bolero. A covetable creation on these lines was revealed to me the other day by one of our leading *tailleurs des dames*, whose original designs are sought even by Parisian *confrères*. This model also disclosed the favourite combination of brown and black—a rich wood shade of brown—face-cloth, the *jupe* quite plain and clinging, and mounted high, with a quaint little added bit in front, the *raison d'être* whereof was made immediately

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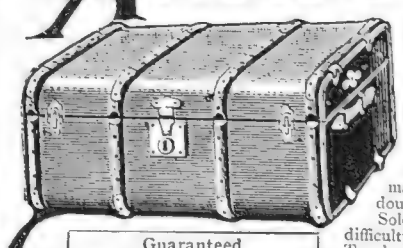

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apparent when the coat was donned, the front being cut off extremely short and square, while the top was thrown back with these approved Incroyable revers, faced with black pony skin, which was again requisitioned in the cause of the Napoleon collar.

An almost invariable accompaniment of this collar is a connecting *jabot* of lace, the centre caught through a great buckle, the lace concluding in a cascade. Or a still smarter alternative is provided in a *jabot* of lawn, surmounted by a great bow of black satin, centred by the ubiquitous buckle, which promises to be an attribute of considerable importance as a neck finish during the coming months.

Yet another tailoring trend worth chronicling is the alliance of checked cloth skirts with long plain cloth coats, opening over waistcoats of the check, the charm of this idea resting on the Brobdingnagian dimensions of the check used for the *jupe*, which is reduced to the smallest possible proportions in the case of the waistcoat. And a similar notion, I hear, is being put forward in striped effects. That both will be very saleable affairs in the ready-made costume department there seems every good reason to believe. Their slight showiness will hold an inevitable attraction for a certain average class of woman.

Some Dresses in "Idols"

The powers that rule the modistic destinies at the Maison Redfern, Conduit Street, have been provided with an opportunity they have not failed to avail themselves of, namely, to gown Miss Evelyn Millard in her character of heroine in *Idols*, at the Garrick, in accordance with advance autumnal modes.

In both the dresses worn by this talented artist we find touches of fur, a detail of itself fraught with full significance. In the cause of the beautiful toilette donned in Act III., which is a veritable *chef d'œuvre*, there is requisitioned an exquisite shade of Japan blue *crêpe de Chine*, arranged *en Princesse*, the material literally swathed around the figure, finally forming a Greek *péplum* effect, heavily fringed, the right side being ostensibly held in place by a line of large silk crochet-covered buttons. The folds of the corsage take a diagonal line from the right shoulder, outlined by a finger-depth of dark fur, over a chemisette and long, close-fitting sleeves of ivory lace, the latter ornamented at the top by draped silk cords and tassels.

The glorious blue velvet *manteau* accompanying this gown is, indeed, an enviable possession, with its regal collar of Russian sable, while the toque of velvet and sable, with its *panache* of ostrich plumes, is assuredly the forerunner of many similarly elegant and possible millinery efforts.

Photo *Manuel*

A Distinctive Cloth Princesse Toilette

One of Paquin's models in jade-green *souple* cloth

Miss Millard's white cloth costume, worn in Act I. does not, owing to the exigencies of the play, permit much scope. But this affair, simple as it is, is afforded a particular *cachet* under the artistic and skilled auspices of the house of Redfern. The *soupçon* of fur referred to occurs at the hem of the trained clinging skirt, and again at the top of the high belt, above which fall large Directoire revers over a waistcoat embroidered in delicate parti colours.

A Picture Dinner-Gown for a Young Girl

With country house-parties in full swing, and the smart young married woman resplendent in the last thing in reception gowns—now so frequently donned in lieu of the dinner toilette proper after a heavy day over the moors—the young girl is frequently out of the picture. Now, in the accompanying original design, I feel sure some alleviation will be found. This sweet *ingénue* frock is fashioned of a silk-striped gauze in shades of *pistache* green and white, the curious looped girdle being entirely formed of bead-work in delicate parti colours, real Malines lace being used for the sleeves and tucker.

A Distinctive Cloth Princesse Toilette

The other design is a model of the great Paquin, arranged in jade-green *souple* cloth, with an embroidery worked on the cloth itself in coarse flax thread, picked out with silks in tone, completed by slightly rucked sleeves of green *ninon*.

The Bristol Musical Festival

The triennial festival in Bristol on October 14 and the three following days will be certain to attract large audiences, as an interesting collection of works will be presented, and artists of the first standing have been engaged. While such favourite classics as "Elijah" and the "Choral" Symphony appear in the scheme, there are also Stanford's cantata, a setting of Tennyson's "Ode on the Duke of Wellington" (the first public performance); Woyrsch's dramatic oratorio, "Passion Music" (not before heard in England); and the first concert rendering here of Wagner's "Die Walküre," given without omissions. The vocalists engaged include Miss Agnes Nicholls, Madame Clara Butt, Madame Kirkby Lunn, Mr. Ben Davies, Mr. Dalton Baker, Mr. Kennerley Rumford, and other eminent singers. Madame Clara Butt, who has returned from the southern hemisphere with her glorious voice in good form, will sing at three of the concerts. Another engagement that is certain to prove a great attraction is that of Herr Kreisler, whose brilliant playing will be sure to arouse enthusiasm in concertos by Brahms and Mozart.

THE
BYSTANDER
ILLUSTRATED

No. 250.—Vol. XIX. Wednesday, September 16, 1908 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper]

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4 handsome reception rooms, fitted bath, 11 bed and dressing rooms, complete offices. Spacious modern stabling and cottage. Small farmery with cottage.
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GLORIOUS SITUATION OVER 800FT. HIGH.
VIEWS EXTEND TO SOUTH DOWNS, HOG'S BACK, LEITH HILL, AND OTHER BEAUTY SPOTS.

TO BE SOLD, the above delightful RESIDENCE, erected 10 years ago in a most thorough manner. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception rooms, 10 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; excellent stabling and outbuildings; the grounds were carefully planned and are now well matured.—Full particulars of the Sole Agents, KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,023)

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NEAR THE SHROPSHIRE BORDERS OF CHESHIRE, within easy reach of Chester and Crewe, and a drive of Cholmondeley and Comber Mere.

To be SOLD, the above gabled artistic RESIDENCE, enjoying a pleasant situation amidst lovely country: large entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and usual offices, including housekeeper's room, and servants' hall; Company's gas and water; stabling for 11; coachman's cottage; tastefully laid-out gardens and meadow-land, in all about 12½ acres; good hunting.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (4,003)

ON THE CHILTERN HILLS (close to Huntercombe Golf Course), 350ft. above sea level, on gravel soil.—To be SOLD, the above charming old-world RESIDENCE, surrounded by old trees, orchard, and garden: entrance hall with stove, cloak room, large dining room with inglenook, drawing room leading on to tennis court, both rooms have beamed ceilings and polished wood-block floors, 8 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.), etc.; stabling for 2 and good men's rooms; all drains laid in concrete; well-stocked orchard and fruit garden, with rustic rosary, pergolas, etc., and wall fruit and meadow-land, in all about 5½ acres. Would be Sold with less land.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit St., W. (4,006)

SURREY AND SUSSEX BORDERS.

TO BE SOLD, the above attractive medium-sized RESIDENCE, with over 300 acres. The House is beautifully fitted and in perfect order. Accommodation: large hall, 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 3 bathrooms, and complete offices; excellent stabling for 14 horses; attractive pleasure grounds; farmery, cottage, and 2 lodges.—Price and full particulars of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,910)

KENT AND SURREY BORDERS.

PICTURESQUE OLD-FASHIONED RESIDENCE, COTTAGE, AND 50 ACRES.

£3,250 WILL PURCHASE the above charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Further particulars of the Agents, Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,012)

40 MINUTES FROM TOWN.
5 MINUTES FROM GOLF LINKS.

TO BE SOLD, with either 8½ or 42 acres, this fine old FAMILY RESIDENCE, well situated in

GLORIOUS OLD GROUNDS OF 8½ ACRES,

with tennis and croquet lawns, old bowling green, rock garden, and orchard, etc. Accommodation: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 12 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, etc.—KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, 9, Conduit Street, W. (3,957)

NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

TO BE SOLD, by AUCTION, on October 8 next, "FARMING WOODS," 4½ miles from Weldon and Corby Station, 9 miles from Kettering, an important FREEHOLD RESIDENTIAL SPORTING, AND HISTORICAL ESTATE, extending to 4,365 acres in a ring fence, including the

picturesque stone-built Mansion, standing 300ft. above sea level in a deer park of over 200 acres. Accommodation: 3 entrance halls, 5 reception rooms, billiard room, 35 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and ample offices; the Mansion is replete with every convenience, including electric light; stabling, motor-houses, cottages, workshops, etc.: the agricultural lands are divided into 12 excellent farms, also numerous small holdings, the whole producing an actual and estimated rent roll of over £4,000 per annum; 1,157 acres of woodland; first-rate hunting; good shooting; golf.—Illustrated particulars, plans, and Conditions of Sale, may be had of Messrs. KEKEWICH, SMITH and KAY, Solicitors, 2, Suffolk Lane, Cannon Street, E.C.; Messrs. FISHER, BOLAM and Co., Land Agents, Market Harborough; or of Messrs. KNIGHT, FRANK and RUTLEY, Auctioneers and Surveyors, 9, Conduit Street, W.

TELEGRAMS: "Calleries, London"

KNIGHT, FRANK AND RUTLEY
Offices: 9, CONDUIT STREET, LONDON, W.

TELEPHONES: 1942 Gerrard (National) 497 Mayfair (Post Office)

Telephones: 1505 MAYFAIR. 3645 GERRARD.

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MESSRS. WALTON and LEE publish two large illustrated REGISTERS, containing a selection of the best RESIDENTIAL ESTATES, Country Residences, Shootings, Hunting Boxes, Fishings, etc., for SALE or to be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, in all parts of the United Kingdom. The best and most reliable published. On receipt of a memorandum indicating the class of property required, Messrs. WALTON and LEE will return a specially marked list, showing at a glance descriptions of those places answering the requirements of the applicant.—Offices, 10, Mount St., London, W.

LEICESTERSHIRE (between Melton Mowbray and Loughborough, in the centre of the Quorn Country, about 2½ miles from Syston, a junction station of the Midland main line, about 8½ miles from Melton and Loughborough, and only about 7 miles from Leicester, whence London is reached in less than 2 hours, while other important centres are equally accessible).—The very valuable Freehold RESIDENTIAL ESTATE, known as

"THE COPPICE," QUENIBOROUGH,

about 283 acres in extent, practically within a ring fence, and comprising the above gentleman's moderate-sized Residence, standing in well-timbered pleasure grounds and parklands, and approached through an avenue of chestnuts and sycamore by a long carriage drive: 5 reception rooms, 12 bed and dressing rooms; stabling for [illegible] horses; croquet lawn, 2 vineries, etc.; a well-equipped set of buildings, including accommodation for 24 horses, and which, together with the well-watered and rich pastures and arable lands, form an ideal Stud or Pleasure Farm. Another gentleman's Residence or Hunting Box known as "The Oaks," and two other smaller Residences; a parcel of very fertile building and accommodation land, several cottages and small holdings, the whole producing actual and fairly estimated rentals amounting to nearly £1,200 per annum. Hunting [illegible] days a week (Quorn and Mr. Fernie's), polo, golf.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

will OFFER the whole for SALE by AUCTION, at the Mart, London, E.C., on Thursday, October 15, 1908 (unless previously Sold Privately).—Particulars of Messrs. CROFTON, CRAVEN and WORTHINGTON, Solicitors, 36, Brazennose Street, Manchester; or of the Auctioneers, 10, Mount Street, London, W.

£2,400 WILL PURCHASE Bijou COUNTRY HOUSE and 30 ACRES, in a pretty part of Sussex, a little over an hour from Town: 6 bedrooms, bath (h. and c.), 3 reception rooms; gardens, orchard, 2 conservatories; cottage and outbuildings; 2½ miles from station.—WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,951)

HARROW COUNTRY (5 minutes' walk from 2 stations, with excellent Town services).—To be LET, Furnished, for short or long period, the above perfectly appointed old-fashioned BIJOU RESIDENCE, with carriage drive, adjoined by exquisitely charming old-world flower gardens, tennis and other lawns, arbours, etc., and containing: 3 reception, 10 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, servants' hall, and comfortable offices; Company's gas and water; stabling for 4.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,736)

DAILY SERVICE TO LONDON.

ADJOINING A LOVELY BREEZY COMMON.—The above delightful old-fashioned HOUSE, surrounded by fine old-world grounds adorned by magnificent old timber. Contains: 13 bed, 2 bath, 4 large reception rooms, very good offices; most convenient bright house; modern drains; water and gas laid on; good stabling; lovely old lawns and rose gardens, paddocks, 14 acres in all. LET or SELL. Inspected and strongly recommended.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,843)

IN A FAVOURITE NORTHERN SUBURB (near to a station, ½ hour from Town).—To be SOLD, a valuable FREEHOLD PROPERTY of over 1½ acres, in perfect order. It comprises the above attractive Residence, very well fitted, and containing: 3 reception rooms, conservatory, 7 bedrooms, dressing room, and bathroom; gas and water laid on; stabling for 2. The House is surrounded by exceptionally charming and well-timbered grounds, with tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, and glasshouses; part may be developed for building without serious detriment to the remainder; 2 valuable road frontages.—Inspected and recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount St., W. (23,038)

BERKS (River district), 28 miles by motor, 40 minutes by G.W.Ry. from London, close to post and telegraph offices, church, etc.—To be LET, Unfurnished, an unusually charming modern RESIDENCE, standing in inexpensive but pretty pleasure grounds, together with 2 paddocks, extending in all to about 3 acres. It contains: entrance hall, 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, and good domestic offices; water is laid on, the drainage is modern, and the premises are lighted throughout by electricity; stabling for 3 horses, saddle room, coach-house, 2 cottages; hunting with foxhounds and staghounds; golf links close by.—Inspected and highly recommended by WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (19,675)

HANTS (near Romsey).—For SALE, at a moderate price, this charming COUNTRY HOUSE and 4 ACRES; high on gravel; beautiful views of the Test Valley: 11 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms, 3 reception rooms, conservatory, lounge hall; excellent stabling, coach-house, cottage; beautifully laid out grounds, tennis courts, kitchen gardens.—WALTON and LEE, 10, Mount Street, W. (22,918)

REGENT'S PARK.

A SPLENDIDLY APPOINTED AND HIGHLY ATTRACTIVE MODERN DETACHED FAMILY RESIDENCE (Willett-built, in red brick with stone facings), having a very large garden and excellent stabling, occupying a notedly healthy and delightful situation, a few yards only from the North Gate of Regent's Park, and thus within easy access of all parts of the West End. The entire premises are in the highest state of decorative and structural repair, and have throughout been fitted with every conceivable modern convenience regardless of expense.

Messrs. WALTON and LEE

(acting in conjunction with Mr. ERNEST OWERS) have been instructed by the owner to OFFER by AUCTION, at the Mart, E.C., on Thursday, October 15, 1908, at 2 o'clock precisely (unless previously Sold by private treaty), the truly delightful Property known as

"AYLMERTON," 9, AVENUE ROAD, N.W.,

held upon a Howard de Walden Lease for the long unexpired term of about 96 years, at the moderate Ground Rent of £100 per annum. The accommodation comprises: on the first and second floors—12 light and airy bed and dressing rooms, 3 splendidly fitted bathrooms, linen room, boxroom, workroom, etc.; on the ground floor—an imposing reception hall, panelled in inlaid oak, from which rises the beautiful solid oak galleried principal staircase, 2 fine drawing rooms, which communicate by sliding doors, morning room, study, a handsome dining room panelled in mahogany; all these rooms have costly parquet floorings, cloakroom; the domestic offices on the same floor are exceptionally commodious and splendidly fitted; they include kitchen, servants' hall, butler's pantry, storeroom, tradesmen's entrance, etc.; the capital stabling (which is well removed from the house) consists of private enclosed yard, 2 loose boxes, 2 stalls, harness room, coach-houses for 4 carriages, and good living rooms over.

POSSESSION ON COMPLETION.

—Printed particulars can be obtained of Messrs. KIMBER, BULL and DUNCAN, Solicitors, 6, Old Jewry, E.C.; of Mr. ERNEST OWERS, Finchley Road (L. and N.W.R.) Station and West Hampstead; or of Messrs. WALTON and LEE, at their Auction Offices, 10, Mount St., Grosvenor Sq., W.

ADJOINING PINE WOODS, ON THE BERKS AND HANTS BORDERS, AND ONLY ABOUT AN HOUR FROM PADDINGTON.

£1,200 WILL PURCHASE the above little HOUSE, containing: 4 bed, 3 sitting, and bathrooms, standing in well-wooded grounds, including tennis lawn, and well-stocked garden; gravel soil; acetylene gas.—Apply, WALTON and LEE, 10 Mount Street, W. (22,435)

Telegrams: "Everything, London" **HARRODS (LTD)** Telephone: 1971 (30 lines) Kensington

ESTATE AGENTS — BROMPTON ROAD, S.W. — AUCTIONEERS

HANTS (Winchfield District).—To be SOLD, a charmingly placed modern RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 11 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.: 2 lounge halls, 4 reception, 12 bedrooms, bathroom.

WELL AWAY FROM ROAD AND MOTOR DUST.

High, bracing, gravel soil, glorious views.—Inspected and strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (S 7,907)

HERTS (about 30 minutes from London).—Well-furnished RESIDENCE for the Winter or by the year: 7 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; nice garden. Low Rent.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

HERTS (near Hitchin).—To be SOLD, the above fine old

QUEEN ANNE RESIDENCE,

in excellent repair: large hall, oak staircase and gallery, 3 reception rooms, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling for 7 horses; detached ballroom.

BEAUTIFUL OLD GROUNDS.

—Full particulars of Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BRADFORD-ON-AVON. — To be LET, Unfurnished, an old-fashioned RESIDENCE, containing: 3 good reception rooms (2 panelled), 6 bedrooms, bathroom, etc.; stabling, greenhouse, flower and kitchen garden; gas and water laid on. Rent, only £50 per annum.—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

£1,200.—**ESSEX** (40 minutes of City).—A charming little PROPERTY, standing in about an acre, lovely old-fashioned garden, paddock, 2 reception, 5 bedrooms, greenhouse, stabling for 2, coach-house, etc.; 1 mile of station.—Full particulars of HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,736)

SHOOTING OVER 1,700 ACRES.

350 BRACE PARTRIDGE.

ONE HOUR OF LONDON.—To be LET, Unfurnished, charming old-fashioned COUNTRY RESIDENCE, standing in park of about 60 acres: 4 reception, 15 or more bedrooms, bathrooms; excellent stabling; cottages; electric light; first-rate shooting over 1,700 acres; 350 brace of partridge, pheasants, etc.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

L. AND S.W. RY. (under 40 minutes from Waterloo).—To be LET, for the Winter, a gentleman's RESIDENCE, in grounds of 4 acres: 10 bed, bath, 3 reception rooms; electric light and modern conveniences; close to golf, etc.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (720)

FINE ELIZABETHAN RESIDENCE.

OLD-WORLD GROUNDS AND PARK.

G.W.R. (in a lovely position, surrounded by finely timbered park and lovely old grounds): suite of reception rooms, about 20 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, etc.; ample stabling.

OLD OAK PANELLING.

Well away from road and motor dust. To be SOLD at a very moderate figure.—Inspected and recommended as a really choice property, in perfect order, by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EASTERN COUNTIES.—To be SOLD, at a low figure, a well-placed RESIDENCE, surrounded by well-timbered parklike land and exceedingly pretty grounds: 4 reception rooms, billiard room, 14 bedrooms, bathroom; excellent stabling; cottages. The whole Property extending to

OVER 50 ACRES.

In perfect repair throughout.—Strongly recommended by the Owner's Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

SHREWSBURY (near).—To be LET, Unfurnished, a charmingly situated RESIDENCE, standing in pretty grounds of about 3 acres, with tennis and croquet lawns, etc.: 3 reception, 11 bedrooms, bathroom; stabling for 3 horses; cottage.

RENT, ONLY £130 PER ANNUM.

—Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above. (U 7,841)

WESTERN MIDLANDS.—An important FAMILY MANSION to be LET, Furnished, for the Winter or longer: over 20 bed and dressing, suite of reception rooms; extensive stabling; shooting over 2,000 acres.—Full particulars of the Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

EXCELLENT HUNTING.

THIS PICTURESQUE RESIDENCE to LET for the Winter or by the year: 14 bed, bath, 4 reception room; charming grounds and parklands; within easy reach of important Northern towns.—Owner's Agents, HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

IMPORTANT RESIDENTIAL ESTATE.

MIDLAND COUNTIES.—To be SOLD, or would be LET, Furnished,

A MAGNIFICENT COUNTRY MANSION,

with 25-30 bedrooms, suite of reception rooms, billiard room; ample stabling; lodge, cottages, farmery.

FINELY TIMBERED PARK.

In a lovely position, approached by long carriage drive; excellent hunting; shooting can be had.—Strongly recommended by the Agents, Messrs. HARRODS (Ltd.), as above.

BUCKS BORDERS, 44 MILES NORTH OF LONDON.

MUST BE SOLD (for family reasons), this charming RESIDENCE, exceptionally well built for owner's occupation, secluded in grounds of 1½ acres: 7 bed and dressing rooms, 2 reception rooms, etc.; in perfect order; stabling, paddock, tennis lawn, etc.; ideal situation, 400ft. above sea level, on sand soil, near celebrated pine woods and Woburn Park; excellent residential district.—Box K 3,686, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£3,250 **WILL PURCHASE** a charming FREEHOLD PROPERTY, situate on high ground, commanding extensive and lovely views of the Surrey Hills. It is 2 miles of a station, whence London can be reached in an hour: 2 reception, 8 bedrooms, and usual domestic offices; stabling and cottage; matured garden, orchards, and pasture-land, in all about 50 acres.—Apply, Box K 3,912, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

SUSSEX, in a pretty village, 5 minutes' walk from a station, and about 10 miles of the sea.—To be LET, a conveniently arranged and pleasantly situate RESIDENCE, standing in lovely grounds of 2½ acres: 4 reception, 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, servant's hall, etc.; stabling for 3, coach-house, etc.; tennis and croquet lawns, large kitchen garden, and paddock. Rent, £130 per annum.—Box K 3,936, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

£100 **DOWN WILL SECURE** a delightful RESIDENCE in an open situation, within 5 minutes' walk of Hanwell Station (G.W. Ry.). It contains: 4 bedrooms, bathroom, 2 reception rooms, and offices; gardens back and front. 92 years' Lease at £8 10s. Ground Rent.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,067, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

HISTORIC RESIDENCE IN OLD-WORLD GROUNDS SLOPING TO RIVER.

COTTAGES, STABLING, ETC.

BERKS AND OXON BORDERS, in a secluded position, yet under a mile from an important town, with frequent fast service to London.—To be LET, Unfurnished, or SOLD, an exceptionally interesting and historic RESIDENCE, in beautiful preservation. It dates back to 1551, and is said to have been the gift of Henry VIII. to Cardinal Wolsey. The accommodation comprises: 3 reception, billiard, 15 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, etc.; also servants' hall and usual offices; exceptionally fine detached stabling; 4 good cottages; small farmery; Company's gas and water; main drainage; old-world gardens, wide spreading lawns, adorned by clumps of shrubs, sloping to the river's bank; magnificent old deodora, acacia, and other trees; prolific walled kitchen garden and small orchard; private fishing rights.—Full particulars of Box K 4,029, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

KENT.—For SALE, a delightful old-fashioned RESIDENCE, 438ft. above sea level, near station, and within 50 minutes of London. The accommodation comprises: 5 good reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 3 horses, and 2 cottages for gardener and coachman; the grounds, which are finely timbered, extend to about 3½ acres, and contain towering masses of rhododendrons, shady avenues, and shrubbery walks; the Residence is prettily overgrown with wistaria, Virginia creeper, roses, ivy, and other climbing plants.—Price and full particulars on application to Box K 3,619, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

TO CITY MEN.

SURREY.—One of the most charming PROPERTIES, situated within 8 miles of Charing Cross, for SALE. The well-built House contains: 9 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom, 3 reception rooms, hall, etc.; the grounds (of about 1½ acres) are the great feature, being beautifully wooded and in perfect order.—For full particulars apply to Box K 8,120, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis St., E.C.

BUCKS AND BEDS BORDERS.—For SALE, a picturesque RESIDENCE, formerly a farmhouse, recently modernised regardless of expense. It enjoys a perfectly secluded position, 300ft. above the sea, with South aspect: billiard, 5 reception, 11 bedrooms, stabling for 6; shady pleasure grounds, tennis lawn, productive fruit and vegetable garden, and 3 enclosures of rich old pasture, in all about 15 acres; excellent hunting; shooting and fishing can be had in the district.—Price (two-thirds can remain on mortgage) and further particulars of Box K 3,828, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

IN CONSEQUENCE OF A DEATH.

"WEYCLIFFE," GUILDFORD, situate on an eminence, about 100ft. above the River Wey, commanding extensive views of an enchanting character and surrounded by exquisite old gardens and grounds with a wealth of matured timber trees, approached from the main Portsmouth road by a carriage drive, with picturesque lodge at entrance, and completely secluded. The RESIDENCE (as shown above) was erected many years ago, is of stone, in the Elizabethan style, massive and picturesque; contains oak-panelled hall, carved oak staircase, library, charming drawing room, very handsome spacious dining room panelled in oak, morning room, strong room, complete domestic offices, including servants' hall and housekeeper's room, carved oak staircase, 11 bed and dressing rooms, fitted bathroom; good stabling with clock tower, and affording accommodation for 6 horses, large partly walled fruit and vegetable garden, capital orchard with young trees, fine range of glasshouses, head gardener's house, gardener's cottage, etc., the total area of the property being about 6½ acres; Freehold.

ALEX. H. TURNER and Co. are instructed to SELL the foregoing PROPERTY at the Mart, E.C., on Wednesday, September 23, 1908.—Particulars of Messrs. JONES and WELLS, Solicitors, The Square, East Retford, Notts, and of the Auctioneers, 69, South Audley Street, W., and Guildford.

800FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

GOLF LINKS ¾ MILE.

SUSSEX.—To be SOLD, or LET, Unfurnished, a well-arranged RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of over 6 acres and commanding lovely views: spacious entrance hall, 3 reception, billiard, 13 bed and dressing, and 2 bathrooms, usual offices; well-shaded garden, tennis and croquet lawns, etc.; soil, sandstone rock.—Box K 3,904, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, E.C.

Telephones: VICTORIA, 2560 & 2561

Mr. F. J. RONALD,

Telegrams: "DECIDABLE, LONDON."

AUCTIONEER and ESTATE AGENT.

72, VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, S.W.

SURVEYOR VALUER.

IN THE CENTRE OF THE CHIEF BEAUTIES OF DEVON.

£3,200 WILL NOW BE ACCEPTED for this well-built HOUSE, in South Devon, containing: 12 bed and dressing rooms; bathroom, 3 reception rooms, and lounge hall; stabling for 4 horses; 4 acres of charming grounds; hunting, fishing, and golf. Would LET on Lease, at £140 per annum.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,211)

ADJOINING GOLF LINKS.

BERKS (in a favourite neighbourhood).—To be LET, Furnished or Unfurnished, the above GEORGIAN RESIDENCE, beautifully furnished and handsomely decorated, standing 350ft. above sea level: 4 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; stabling for 4; 6 acres of well-laid-out grounds; gravel soil.

For terms apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,257)

ON THE SURREY HILLS.

TO BE LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or might be SOLD, an artistic modern RESIDENCE, enjoying wide views, and standing 350ft. above sea level: 9 bedrooms, bath, 3 reception rooms, usual offices; well-kept garden, tennis lawn, kitchen garden, in all 1 acre. Rent, Furnished for 6, 9, or 12 months, 6gns. per week.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (S 679)

AMBLESIDE DISTRICT.—The above beautifully placed RESIDENCE, with 20 acres of grounds to be LET, Furnished, Unfurnished, or SOLD. Contains: oak-panelled hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, 11 bed and dressing rooms, bathroom (h. and c.); stabling; cottage.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,222)

BEAUTIFUL KENT (1¼ HOURS OF TOWN).

THE ABOVE GEORGIAN RESIDENCE for SALE, with 10 acres of delightful grounds; high situation, South aspect: 5 reception rooms, 13 bed and dressing rooms; Company's gas and water; stabling for 6; 2 cottages; first-rate boating and fishing; excellent hunting; golf links near.

Price and all further particulars of F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,256)

HIGH ON THE CHILTERN HILLS.
EASY DISTANCE OF THE HUNTERCOMBE GOLF LINKS.

TO BE LET, Unfurnished, on Lease, a well-known COUNTY SEAT, beautifully situated in South Oxon, overlooking a grand old deer park and the Thames Valley.

Library, drawing room, dining room, billiard room, conservatory, some 19 bed and dressing rooms, bathrooms, ample servants' quarters, modern sanitation; acetylene plant; beautiful grounds and gardens, with vineries, etc., and about 35 acres of grassland; good stabling; 2 lodges, 2 cottages.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,232)

600FT. ABOVE SEA LEVEL.

SURREY (within a ¼ of a mile of the station, and 1½ miles of 2 golf links, standing 600ft. above sea level).—To be LET or SOLD, the above RESIDENCE, standing in grounds of about 5 acres, and containing: inner hall, with fireplace, drawing room, dining room, morning room. Approached by 2 staircases are 4 principal bedrooms and 2 dressing rooms, lavatory, and w.c., 2 secondary bedrooms, usual domestic offices; stabling and 2 coach-houses, with 4 servants' rooms over; dog kennels and outbuildings. The grounds include some fine forest trees, lawns, flower-beds, rosery, tennis lawn, grass orchard, paddock, well-stocked kitchen garden, heated greenhouse with vine; electric light installation; constant water supply.

Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,188)

CENTRE OF ATHERSTONE COUNTRY.

TO BE SOLD.

THE ABOVE FINE OLD MANSION, situate 600ft. above sea level, sheltered by old timber and matured plantations, approached by 2 long carriage drives: ample reception rooms, 18 bed and dressing rooms, 2 large bathrooms, excellent offices; stabling for 17 horses, and all necessary accommodation; sufficient farm-buildings; pleasure grounds, kitchen garden, plantations, in all 70 acres; 4 cottages; electric light and good water supply. The situation is exceedingly healthy and picturesque, boldly wooded, the views embracing a panorama extending to 40 or 50 miles.

SHOOTING OVER 1,000 ACRES.

Price on application to F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,135)

1 ACRE. £1,350.

BUCKS (600ft. above sea level, close to an extensive common, 34 minutes from Town by the G.C.R.).—For SALE, or would LET, Furnished, a COUNTRY COTTAGE, in the Queen Anne style, containing: 2 reception rooms, 4 bedrooms; tastefully laid-out grounds of 1 acre, including a lovely flower garden, with about 300 rose trees.

F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1 246)

BERKS (1½ miles of 3 stations on the G.W.R., and about 2 minutes' walk of the river).—For SALE, this picturesque RESIDENCE, standing well away from the road, and approached by an avenue of trees. The accommodation includes: hall, drawing room, conservatory, dining room, library, 8 excellent bed and dressing rooms, 2 bathrooms; electric light, Company's, water; stabling for 2; motor garage; the grounds extend to about 2½ acres, and include tennis and croquet lawns, kitchen garden, large vinery, etc., gardener's cottage. — Apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria Street, S.W. (U 1,250)

EAST GRINSTEAD DISTRICT.—To be LET, Furnished, or SOLD, this delightful modern RESIDENCE, with lands extending to 31 acres; the House, which is approached by a short drive, stands well away from the main road, 250ft. above sea level, contains: good hall heated by radiators, dining room, drawing room, small conservatory, morning room, 6 bedrooms, bathroom (h. and c.), w.c., large attic, usual domestic offices, extensive cellarage; motor-house and numerous outhouses; acetylene gas throughout; Company's water. The grounds are a special feature, for they include a charming lake of 7 acres in extent (upon which there is a boathouse), with island and woodland beyond. The garden slopes away from the House to a small stream; full-sized tennis court.

For price and further particulars apply, F. J. RONALD, 72, Victoria St., S.W. (U 1,221)

KENNETH DURWARD

Sporting and Speciality Tailor.

NEW DESIGNS

FOR COUNTRY, MOTOR, SPORTING and TRAVELLING for LADIES and GENTLEMEN.

NEW AUTUMN and WINTER OVERCOATINGS, SUITINGS, and COSTUME CLOTHS in Original and Exclusive Designs.

RAIN and RACE COATS from 3 Gns.
LOUNGE & SPORTING SUITS from 4 Gns.
LADIES' COATS & SKIRTS from 5 Gns.
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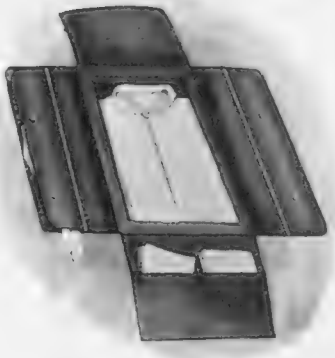

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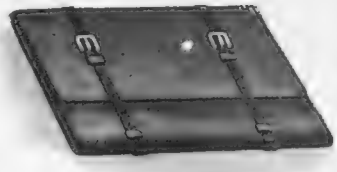

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A Woman's Note Book

The Ideal Home Exhibition

Nobody, and especially no woman, ought to miss visiting "The Ideal Home Exhibition," to be opened at Olympia on October 9. In this exhibition things of use will be side by side with things of beauty, art, comfort, convenience, refinement, health, and commonsense in the home, all being observable in harmonious connection with one another. Such a home is possible only at this late date of civilisation, when girls are educated to have an intelligent application of domestic science, art, and commonsense. Just at this moment, since domesticity is no longer despised, nor the laws of hygiene cheerfully disregarded as in former ages, has our new exhibition become a national necessity. Nothing but strong constitutions, aided, no doubt, by a quieter life and rural surroundings, could have stood the Spartan and unscientific methods of our great-grandmothers' days. Nor were they all strong then, though of the delicate we hear very little. It is scarcely fair when the upholders of old-fashioned times point to our weaklings and ask, "Where were they to be found in the ages that are gone?" We reply, "Well, of course, they died early."

The Nursery Artistic

Every woman will linger lovingly over the "Babyland" section of the exhibition, which, I understand, is to provide a veritable treat to the motherly heart. There are to be a model *crêche* and model hospital ward, toys will abound, and children's furniture especially calculated to appeal to parents who wish to make their nurseries useful, comfortable, and welcome to the eye. Even with our awakening appreciation for art, too much of ugliness remains in the children's region; and it is falsely supposed that if their craving for colour is satisfied in some gaudy, ugly sort of way the little ones are "all right." Children cannot be trained too young to appreciate beautiful and refined surroundings. It makes an appreciable difference in their characters, for light and colour-effect have a greater result upon growing intelligences than we will ever guess.

To Combat the Smoker

The ventilation section of the exhibition is one with which, as an open-air lover, I feel great sympathy. I read that a billiard-room is to be entirely filled with tobacco smoke and methods for clearing it shown. This will be a most valuable operation for the housewife, who knows only too well the horror of dead smoke, which clings for days to her curtains and household draperies. Some men will smoke all over the house; no room is free from them. Even some women also carry out this obnoxious practice; and a method of purification more efficacious than our vague "opening the windows" must be welcomed not only by the thousands of women who (happily) are old-fashioned enough to have a prejudice against smoking, but even by those who smoke themselves, for the after-effects upon the furniture necessarily becomes distasteful to all.

LADY PHYLLIS.

The Menu: EGGS AND SAVOURIES

Eggs à la Crême

Poach some eggs, trim them neatly, and dish each one on a croûton of fried bread. Pour some Béchamel sauce over them, sprinkle finely chopped parsley on the top of each one, and place little rolls of fried bacon round the dish. Béchamel Sauce.—1½oz. of butter, 1½oz. of flour, half a pint of milk, two tablespoonfuls of cream, pepper, and salt.

Eggs aux Fines Herbes

Put one tablespoonful of flour and 1½oz. of butter into a stewpan and stir till it thickens. Boil half a pint of milk and pour it to the butter, etc., adding pepper and salt. Simmer for five minutes. Add another ounce of butter and one tablespoonful of minced parsley, and stir occasionally. Have ready four hard-boiled eggs, slice them, and place on a hot dish. Boil up the sauce, squeeze in the juice of half a lemon through a strainer, pour the sauce over the eggs, and serve.

Fricasseed Eggs with Mushrooms

Two tablespoonfuls of butter, one ditto of flour, a sprig of parsley (finely chopped), half a dozen button mushrooms (cut in dice), half a pint of white veal or chicken stock (or milk if this is not procurable), six hard-boiled eggs (cut in slices), salt and white pepper. Put the butter in a stewpan or chafing dish, when melted add the flour, stirring constantly, then the parsley, mushrooms, stock, and seasoning. Allow these ingredients to simmer together for five or ten minutes. Add the eggs to the sauce, boil up once, and serve.

Roes and Mushrooms on Toast

Make the necessary number of round croûtons of lightly fried bread, and choose a like number of mushrooms the same size as the croûtons. Peel the mushrooms, rinse them in warm water to remove any grit, and take off the stalks. Place them on a greased baking-tin, stalk side uppermost. Put some small pieces of butter on each mushroom and a little pepper and salt. Cover with buttered paper and cook in a moderate oven from ten to twenty minutes. Serve a mushroom on each croûton, and on each mushroom place a cooked bloater roe, curled round.

Scalloped Lobster

Cut the flesh of a boiled lobster in small pieces and mix it into some well-flavoured sauce made as follows: Melt 2oz. of butter in a clean pan and stir in by degrees 1½oz. of flour. Stir until the sauce will leave a clean place in the pan when lifted up in the spoon. Add very gradually half a pint of hot fish stock or milk, stirring all the time, and then boil for twelve minutes, stirring occasionally. This sauce should be perfectly smooth and creamy; a small dessertspoonful of anchovy essence should be stirred into it, a few drops of lemon-juice, a dust of cayenne, and five or six drops of carmine to improve the colour; now add the lobster, and let it all simmer slowly for ten minutes; then place in the buttered shells and scatter breadcrumbs over. Put in the oven until the crumbs are brown (about ten to fifteen minutes), and serve.

Shrimps on Toast

Put twopennyworth of picked shrimps into a saucepan with a teaspoonful of white pepper, the juice of an orange, ½oz. of butter, and a little nutmeg. Make this mixture very hot, pile upon small squares of buttered toast. Put in a hot oven for a minute or two, and serve garnished with fried parsley. This is a delicious savoury.

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A Fine Example of Landscape Gardening

September is the month for planning alterations in the grounds, and those who are thus engaged may derive some useful hints from a study of the illustration, reproduced from a photograph taken at Lord Darnley's seat at Cobham. Here the hand of the expert landscape gardener is plainly visible—perhaps just a trifle too visible. By the rules of the craft a certain amount of formality is permissible close to the house to harmonise with the architectural surroundings, and it is supplied by the tank of water-lilies in the foreground, and toned down a little by the irregular growth of the beds around. But at the sundial beyond it stops. Except for the newly-planted roses, which would be better away, the composition is almost perfect. The grass spreads out like a mountain lake, leaving the centre open and giving a glimpse of the distant hills, its level surface broken occasionally by some picturesque little islet of trees and shrubs, while along its margin are innumerable inlets suggesting fresh scenes and fresh beauties. It would be impossible to visit such a spot without coming under its spell and wishing to explore its many channels and see what each contains. This is as it should be in every garden, except, perhaps, the smallest. Space is necessary to carry out the idea to perfection.

The Close of Summer Bedding

The majority of summer beds are past their best. It is already time to take up tender plants, such as alternantheras, and place them in the greenhouse. There is no need to keep more than will supply enough cuttings for next year. Colenses may be treated in the same way, but unless some particular variety is wanted, it is less troublesome to raise plants from seed in spring. A number are sure to be poor, but there should be quite enough good ones for bedding among them. Begonias may remain out until they are blackened by frost; at this season it is not likely to be sufficiently severe to injure the bulbs protected by the soil. But tricolour geraniums, which are less hardy than the ordinary kinds, should be placed under cover, together with all tender azaleas and other hard-wooded plants. A single night's frost often does more damage than can be repaired in several years, so it is just as well not to take any chances. As soon as the beds are emptied, they should be dug, manured, and planted with bulbs, wallflowers, forget-me-nots, or other spring-flowering plants. A combinaton of the last two is very effective, while the scent is sweet without being overpowering. Aubrietias make an excellent ground-covering for bulbs. Some of the newer varieties, such as the pink Fire King or the dark purplish-blue Dr. Moles, are finer than the type and give better results. If arabis is preferred, the double form has an advantage over the single in being neater and less vigorous in growth, and the flowers last longer. It cannot be raised from seed; plants must be bought. Alyssum, though rather taller, may be used in the same way when yellow is wanted. H. C. DAVIDSON.

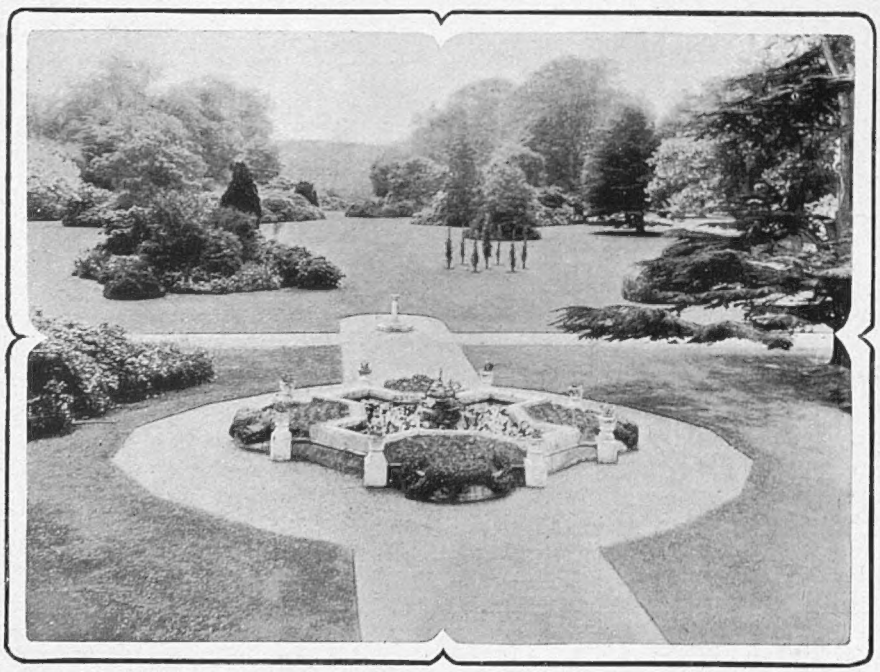

Photo *Leonard Willoughby*

A Fine Example of Landscape Gardening

A picturesque view of the charming garden and grounds at Cobham, Lord Darnley's Kentish seat

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GRAND, Croydon: *The Thief.* 12 Croydon.

DALSTON: *Under Two Flags.* 1871 Dalston.

FULHAM: Annie Hughes in *The Mollusc.* 376 Ken.

KENNINGTON: *The Sins of Society.* 1003 Hop.

KING'S, Hammersmith: H. B. Irving and Dorothea Baird in Repertoire. 119 Hammersmith.

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The Editor's Box

Rhodesian Tobacco

Tobacco growers in Southern Rhodesia have had a most prosperous season, and the acreage under tobacco will be largely increased next year. The British South Africa Company's Tobacco warehouse in Bulawayo is handling 200,000lb. of Turkish leaf, much of it of superior quality, whilst the Salisbury warehouse is full of leaf of the Virginia type. The Turkish experts state that within another year only a limited portion of the Oriental crop will excel in quality the Rhodesian leaf, which will be better than most of the Turkish, and all the Servian, Roumanian, Bulgarian, and Greek tobaccos. As an instance of the value of tobacco cultivation to the Rhodesian farmer, a most remarkable crop has been grown in the Salisbury district by a man who has been in the country *less than a year*. His tobacco is estimated to realise £1,500, which is more than his farm, improvements, and labour have cost him.

Income Tax on Earned Incomes

The forms for making returns for Income Tax Assessment for the current year are framed in such a way as to have misled many persons as to the time-limit for claiming the benefit of the 9*d*. rate in respect of earned incomes. The forms Nos. 11 and 11A sent out state that the form must be completed and returned within twenty-one and seven days respectively. The fact is, however, that the claim to be assessed at the lower rate where the total income does not exceed £2,000 can be made at any time not later than September 30 next; but no claim will be considered if made later than that date. Another point to be remembered is that in the case of persons engaged in business of any kind who made a loss for the business year ended next before April 6, 1908, it is in many cases possible to get the assessment for the year 1907-8 entirely discharged and tax repaid upon the amount of the loss. This may further have the effect of entitling an appellant to claim the statutory abatement in respect of incomes not exceeding £700, and in some cases this may mean the repayment of the whole of the tax paid upon or deducted from the income of the year. The claim to set off a loss must be made before October 6 next, or it will be too late. Thousands of persons pay income tax greatly in excess of their legal liability, more particularly those whose incomes are derived from dividends, rents, pensions, or interest. Readers wishing advice as to whether or not they are entitled to any repayment, upon their sending full particulars of their incomes from all sources, together with a stamp for reply, to the Income Tax Adjustment Agency, Ltd., Poultry, London, E.C., will be able to secure much valuable help and guidance.

Wonderful Wessex

The latest addition to the Great Western Railway Company's series of handbooks, with alliterative titles, is "Wonderful Wessex." This is a valuable handbook to the counties of Somerset, Dorset, and Wiltshire, well written and excellently illustrated, though the pictures would be shown to a far greater advantage were the booklet printed in a more attractive coloured ink. For sixpence the prospective visitor to this district receives not only a excellent guide-book, but a mass of general information which will prove invaluable.

Kingsway Theatre

Miss Lena Ashwell has decided to commence her autumn season at the Kingsway on Friday, October 9—the first anniversary of the opening of the theatre—with the production of the new play by Mr. Wilfred T. Coleby, *The Sway Boat*. The cast includes Miss Kate Rorke, whose reappearance will be specially welcome. Mr. Ernest Cosham and Mr. E. W. Garden have also been allotted important rôles. The piece will be rehearsed during Miss Ashwell's provincial tour, which finishes at Birmingham on October 3, thus leaving almost a clear week for the final rehearsals in London. The box-office at the Kingsway Theatre will open on Monday, September 21.

Literary Notes

Messrs. T. C. and E. C. Jack announce a "History of the British Empire," told for children by H. E. Marshall, the author of the popular "Our Island Story." The volume will be uniform in style and price with "Our Island Story," and will be illustrated by twenty drawings in colour by J. R. Skelton.

An interesting book of travel should be "To the Top of the Continent," by Frederick A. Cook, M.D., to be published immediately by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. The meaning of the title is made clear when we state that the book describes the first ascent of Mount McKinley in Arctic Alaska, which is the highest point of the American Continent. The book also contains a most interesting record of discovery in Northern Alaska. It is illustrated by over seventy photographs, and with a double-page miner's map of the new goldfields.

"Mr. Browne of Wych Street"

The London County Council, whose "oversight" was responsible for a very celebrated legal tangle which came before the High Court some time ago, have now obtained possession of the last remaining premises, and Mr. Browne has opened new offices at 20, Wellington Street, Strand, to be known in future as "Wych Street House."

The Coliseum

The programme at this house seems to become more attractive with each succeeding week, and it is little to be wondered at that the huge auditorium is filled at every performance. Mr. Hayden Coffin was one of the principal features of last week's bill, and Mlle. Celia Galley is still delighting with her imitations and chansonettes, as is Mlle. Odette Valery with her classical dances.

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